THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

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SKATING WITH THE LADIES.

BLESS ME! what a very nice
And comfortable trade is
This of capering on the ice,
And skating with the ladies!

Smiling, innocent, and bland,
Lady that I wait on,
Lays her foot within my hand
And bids me strap the skate on.

Tenderly her foot I grasp,
And Cupid's arrows rankle
In my heart, the while I clasp
That small, bewitching ankle.

Every knot my fingers ply
Sets me strangely thinking
Of a certain warmer tie,
And a knot of stronger linking.

Up and off, in staggering haste,
I, no harm designing,
Slip my arm about her waist,
To keep her from declining.

Bless me! what a very nice
And comfortable trade is
This of capering on the ice,
And skating with the ladies!

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE AFFRAY.

THE clocks, scattered so profusely over the great metropolis, were tolling the hour of eleven P. M. The echoes of the last stroke of the bells had not died away when the doors of a Broadway theatre were thrown open, and the over-heated crowd within rushed out into the cold and biting air, as eagerly as the narrowness of the entrance would admit. Some few there were who took their time and sauntered leisurely along. Among these were two young men, whom, as they are to occupy prominent parts in our tale, we will here describe.

The tallest, and apparently the eldest of the two, and who seemed to be about twenty-two years of age, stood about five feet ten, slimly built, with a slight stoop in his shoulders. His face was certainly not a handsome one, yet it was very prepossessing. Every lineament and feature in it betokened good nature and fun—the twinkling grey eye, the rounded chin, the nervous mouth, all were indicative of humor and merriment.

His companion was formed on an entirely different mould. He was shorter by two inches than his comrade, but was more solidly, heavily, yet gracefully built. His hair was light, as was the general features of his countenance. As to his character, we expect to develope it fully in the course of our story. Having now given a brief description of two of our characters, we will plunge at once in *medias res*, and proceed to develope our plot.

"When did you see Louise last?" asked Gus, the taller of the two, of his companion.

"Last night," was the response.

"Let's have some oysters," cried Gus, interrupting.

"I'm with you," replied the other, smiling at Gus' rapid flight from one subject to another; and the two turned into one of the numerous restaurants that line Broadway.

The place was well filled. A group of men were gathered around the stove. They appeared to be gentlemen, for their attire was good, and though their manners were somewhat free, there was an easy grace about them that would unconsciously attract any person disposed to conviviality and sociability. They invariably addressed each other by their Christian names, and there appeared to be an electric chain of friendship binding them together.

Their conversation was evidently on some important topic or topics, for they all appeared to be deeply interested, and when one of their number, a tall, finely-formed man, gave vent to his opinion on the question in abeyance, there was a general nod of assent.

Gus appeared to be acquainted with all of them, and signalized his entrance by addressing them collectively and individually as "bummers;" then giving the floor an emphatic stamp with his left foot, he challenged the tall man above mentioned to "toss up," "odd or even," or "chuck the dips," for drinks for the house. The tall man having accepted the invitation, and having been—to use Gus' term—"elected," the whole party indulged in a whiskey skin, "strong," as Gus remarked; and soon after, Gus and his friend departed.

"Harry Lorromer," said Gus, thus for the first time giving us a clue to his companion's name—'Harry Lorromer, who would think, to look at that fine body of men, that they are gamblers?"

"Gus," replied Lorromer, 'the fast men of our city are much belied. In my opinion, there is no class of people more liberal to the unfortunate, more true to themselves, more gentlemanly, than the true sporting man."

"B'lieve yer, me boy," cried Gus, adopting a favorite expression of one of our most favored "nigger minstrels," or as an opposition upper ten "show shop" has it, "delineator of Ethiopian eccentricities."

On the arrival of the two at Astor Place, they separated, Gus continuing up Broadway, while Harry crossed over into Astor Place.

The night had become dark—heavy masses of clouds obscured the moon, and there was every appearance of a storm. Harry did not seem to mind this, however, but buttoned his coat more closely about him, and crossing the Third Avenue, turned and proceeded in the direction of Tompkins Market at a rapid pace.

When near the corner of Seventh street, however, his steps were suddenly arrested by the spectacle of three most villainous-looking scoundrels in the very act of committing a ferocious attack upon a person who, as Harry could see, defended himself most manfully, dealing his blows out right and left, without the utterance of a single cry. Harry gazed for an instant at the combatants; one of the assailants seized the man they were attacking by the back hair, and bent his head back; at the same time, another of them drew a large knife, and raised it menacingly before his victim; while the third one of the party rapidly thrust his hands into the pockets of the unfortunate. Harry could withstand it no longer, but with quick steps he dashed across the street, struck the rear man a blow under the ear, that caused him to fall as gently on the pavement as a wet rag; then planted his bunch of fives directly between the eyes of the rascal with the knife, while a left hander on the arm caused him to relinquish his grasp on the weapon he was so actively brandishing. The next instant Harry was engaged in a tremendous struggle with the third of the gang; the fight began by Harry delivering a well-meant slasher on the cheek of his antagonist, who retorted with a crack on Harry's ribs, that did not add in the least to the latter's comfort. The next instant the two were engaged in a deadly struggle. For a moment or two the result was doubtful. Harry was an expert wrestler, and possessed tremendous strength, but he discovered that powerful as were his own tendons and muscles, they were exceeded by those of his antagonist. After the first exertion of strength, the combatants strove by mere skill to throw each other. At length Harry felt himself borne back, and he dropped firmly on one knee; then, as his antagonist pressed heavily over him, with a sudden but tremendous effort he hurled the burly rascal over his head. Hastily springing to his feet, Harry turned and beheld the stranger in the act of administering a most tremendous pummelling to the would-be assassin who had wielded the knife so dexterously, accompanying each blow with some opprobrious epithet. At length he appeared to be satisfied, and turning to Harry, he stretched forth his hand, with the remark:—

"Stranger, you've done me a turn to-night I'll never forget. Give me your hand."

'In this city, sir," replied Harry, "no respetable individual will see three men tackle one without stretching forth a helping hand, and on this idea I acted."

"You fou't as well as if you'd been raised in the woods, and was used to fightin 'Manches, and bars, and painters, all your life," sa'd the stranger, pronouncing his words in backwoods style.

"You flatter me, sir," replied Harry; "in a good cause, you know, one man should always be a match for two. But, sir," he added, "you must feel a little injured after the affray, and as my home is near here, why if you'll accompany me we'll try what a glass of old Otard'll do towards straightening us up—and I have a bed at your service as well."

"Stranger, you're about the first ginooine white man I've seen this side of old Californy yet; I'll do it; I'll stay with yer to-night, and ef I don't pay you for your kindness some of these days, call me a skunk," and the stranger seized Harry's hand with such a vice-like grip, that the water started into the eyes of the young man, albeit he was not of a tender make, either.

"Come on, then," he said, and as he looked around, he added: "What the devil has become of your assailants? This poor soul that I tossed lies here as dead as a herring, apparently, but the other two have sloped." As he spoke, Harry stooped and gazed for an instant at the remaining one of the three villains, and perceiving by his heavy breathing that life was in him, he said: "He's stunned, at all events. I think we had better leave him here. If the police find him, well and good; if not, no harm done."

Then placing his companion's arm within his own, he started on. For an instant after the departure of the rescuer and the rescued from the scene of the conflict, the apparently stunned villain lay motionless; then slowly raising himself, he gazed after the two retreating figures, and soon sprang to his feet and followed them. He watched them turn down Seventh street to Second Avenue, when they ascended the steps of a neat two-story brick house, and then Harry, taking a night-key from his pocket, opened the door, and they entered.

"Now, my young nabster, considerin as how as you are a youngster, you hits an almighty good blow. I likes a man that's got pluck, and all that sort of thing, but at the same time it'll never do to have it said that such a werry young chick got the best of an old dabster like Bill Stiles; and then to think as how I had my hands on his watch! Oh! it's too d—d aggrawatin. Ah! my young cove, you must look out for yourself, for if I ain't even with you within a month I'm d—d."

After giving vent to this, Bill Styles (as he had named himself) proceeded rapidly down the avenue.

CHAPTER II.

PLOTTING.

ON the afternoon of the day preceding that in which the events just described transpired, another villainous scene, but one of an entirely different character, was being enacted in this "city of contrasts." In one of those little offices that line Nassau street, sat Mr. Peter Grim, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, as the sign on his office door denoted. The office, which was on the third floor of a large building filled with similar offices, was a small, dingy apartment. The furniture was scanty; a dark, dreary looking carpet covered about one-third of the floor, while the uncovered portion was still blacker than the carpet. A few land maps hung on the wall—a set of boxes, technically termed "pigeon holes," stood in a corner, partially filled with papers, brown with age. In the opposite corner was a small, rough table, on the top of which stood a japanned tin box, and in the centre of the room stood a large pine desk, with an arm-chair behind it. These articles, with one or two spare chairs, completes the inventory of the furniture of the apartment.

Seated in the arm-chair, with his head resting on his hand and arm, that were supported in turn by the desk, was Mr. Peter Grim. Mr. Grim was not one of those favored individuals who possess in their countenance great powers of attraction. On the contrary, his appearance was, to say the least, repulsive. A mass of coarse and wiry gray hair and a few hairs of the same hue on each side of his face, enclosed a pair of cheeks, much resembling a shriveled drum-head; a nose formidable and hooked; a small, pursey mouth, covering a set of yellowish teeth; an eye, sinister and cunning like in appearance, yet small and deeply set, arched by eyebrows that formed two heavy arches. Such was the personal appearance of Mr. Peter Grim.

As he sat there, he bore no inapt resemblance to a huge spider, preparing to pounce on the first unlucky and unwary fly that might chance to venture within his reach.

"So," said Mr. Grim, unconsciously speaking aloud, "if my plan works well, as it must, I shall be enabled to retire from business, and spend the remainder of my years in peace and quietness. Yes, yes, the plan *must* work well. Cashton will seize upon it as an excellent chance to begin his great work of vengeance. The loss of this money would be the ruin of young Lorromer; and as for his cousin Richard, deeply involved as he is, it would be a godsend. As for my share, ah!" he continued softly, rubbing his chin, "five thousand cash at first, and afterwards halves; yes, nothing short of halves will satisfy me, and with ten thousand dollars, then, then could I live. And Mary, too, my child, could she not hold up her head with any lady in the land?"

In his excitement, Mr. Grim had risen and was pacing the floor with rapid strides, when the door of the office opened, and a boy about fourteen or fifteen years of age entered. "So you've come back, have you, you young scoundrel—an hour in going to the Lafarge. You deserve to be discharged, but I'll deduct something from your salary."

"Please, Mr. Grim," whimpered the boy—

"Silence, you ungrateful, hypocritical young scoundrel, silence! another word, and I'll—ah! good morning, Colonel; really, you are looking fresh and rosy."

The cause of this sudden transition was the entrance into the room of a person whose appearance was so strikingly peculiar that we must give a brief sketch of it.

Colonel Cashton was in height full six feet, slimly built, yet with a figure denoting strength. His hair was long, wavy, and curly, falling to his very shoulders. His nose was well formed, and his features were all cast in Nature's most harmonious mould. Two peculiarities, however, were what distinguished him from common men. One was the loss of his left eye—although the most famed and skillful of our opticians had expended his energy and experience in the endeavor to create an artificial eye to supply the deficiency—it was useless. The steady, still, glazed look of the work of man but ill'y compared with the bright electric light emitted from the organ formed by nature. The other peculiarity was his beard. Now there is nothing singular in a man decorating himself with such hirsute appendages as he may choose, but Colonel Cashton carried the matter to an extreme. His beard, which was of a brown tinge, was, to the least extent, a foot and a half long, tapering down until the two edges formed an almost perfect point. Such was Colonel Cashton, a man as well known in New-York as any of our public officials, a shrewd speculator, and, as we shall expect to show before we have reached the end of our story, an infernal scoundrel.

The colonel, as we shall term him, made no reply to the salutation of Grim, but waving his hand, walked directly to one of the chairs and ensconced himself therein.

"Grim," said he, softly, "send this boy home."

"Robert," said Grim, mildly, "you may go home now; you've been a very good boy to-day," but he muttered in an under tone, "I'll deduct it from your wages." The boy quickly vanished from the room, and then the colonel motioned Grim to a seat. The latter resumed his old position at the table, and for a moment the two men gazed at each other in silence.

"Grim," at length said Cashton, "you know me."

"I have that honor," replied Grim, meekly.

"Curse your fawning," cried the Colonel, impatiently. "Hark ye, Mr. Peter Grim, we understand each other thoroughly. You are one of the meanest d—d scoundrels on earth; I am equally a villain. You act in your own way as a tool. You are a scoundrel for money—I am one from circumstances and inclination. Am I right, Grim?"

"Partially," replied Grim, with a cat-like smile.

"Then no more need be said. Two years ago, Grim, I told you that I had come to this city once more for one particular object. That object is vengeance. I owed the family of Lorromer an old and a bitter debt of revenge. I hired you to assist me. I have waited patiently for the time to come when I can strike a deep and deadly blow at that family. To-day you sent me word that the time has come. What have you learned? What has transpired?" As Cashton concluded, he threw himself back into his chair, and gazed at Grim with a look of the deepest interest.

"Colonel Cashton," replied Grim—for the first time assuming the tone and manner of a man—"Colonel Cashton, it is in your power to inflict a deep injury on the most vital part of Mr. Harry Lorromer."

"But how? when? where?" cried the Colonel, impatiently.

"You can wound this young man in man's most vulnerable point—his pocket. Give me your attention for a a moment, and I will explain the means. Some six months since, the bachelor uncle of this young man died—he had long expressed the intention of making one of his two nephews, Mr. Lorromer or Mr. Richard Hudson, his heir. With that view he had carefully watched the progress in life of the two young men. He found Mr. Lorromer grew up a handsome, wild, yet good-hearted young man."

'Faugh!" ejaculated the Colonel.

"True," replied Grim, coolly, "we cannot disguise the fact that he is a fine young man. Richard Hudson grew up an entirely different person. To all appearances he was most steady, sensible and discreet. After a careful consideration of the merits and demerits of the two, the old gentleman came to me as his professional adviser about two years since, and bade me draw up a will bequeathing (with the exception of a few trifling legacies) the whole of his estate, real and personal, to his nephew Richard. At the same time he directed me to keep the matter a profound secret."

"To what is all this leading?" interrupted Cashton vehemently.

"Patience, Colonel, patience; Rome was not taken in a day," said Grim, laughing softly at his own joke; he continued, "for some reason or other, shortly after this will had been made, there were strange rumors started of Mr. Richard being in many scrapes, and at the end of a year's time, bills were presented against this young gentleman, amounting in the aggregate to some twenty thousand dollars. On the day following the one on which this fact was made public, Mr. George Lorromer came to me, and with a face expressive of the deepest woe, bade me destroy his former will, and draw up another one, in which he bequeathed his property to his other nephew, Harry Lorromer. The devisor directed that the will should not be opened until six months after his demise. To-morrow that time expires, and Mr. Lorromer has requested me to read the will. On doing so, this young gentleman comes into property valued at fifty thousand dollars."

"And is this to be my vengeance?" inquired Cashton, fiercely.

"Colonel," said Grim, softly, "it depends upon us as to whether Lorromer gets this fortune or not."

"Ah!" ejaculated the Colonel, with renewed interest; "if it were possible," he continued, musingly, "the loss of this money would be a death blow to his marriage with Louise Winter."

"It *is* possible, Colonel Cashton: it can be done," cried Grim, triumphantly.

"But how, how?" questioned the Colonel.

"My friend," said the lawyer, taking a pinch of snuff, "I kept both wills."

"Grim!" cried the Colonel, springing to his feet, "you're an artist—a finished one! What could be better?" he soliloquized. "If he loses this fortune, he must lose Louise. It will be a hard and terrible blow. I'll be near at hand to counsel him; dissipation, gambling, rum must do the rest. Once let him be drawn into that terrible vortex, and I shall be content. Oh! John Lorromer, John Lorromer, the devil sleeps not yet!" cried the Colonel, fiercely. "But stop, stop, Grim, are you sure of this thing?"

"Yes, Colonel, as far as——"

"No matter. How shall we manage this, Grim?" asked the Colonel.

"I leave you, Colonel, to win Mr. Hudson over."

"Why need him? He will ask no questions. The fewer in a plot the better," replied Cashton.

'But my pay must come from him, you know, Colonel," said Grim, sneakingly.

"Pay? Zounds, Grim, I'll pay you. Here," he added, taking a roll of bank notes from his pocket, and throwing them upon the table, "here is some on account. Besides," he continued, 'do you not see what a hold you have on Hudson, with the second will in your possession?"

"True, true," responded Grim, picking up the bills. "Ah! Colonel, I will admit that, shrewd and far-seeing as I am, you are a much cleverer scoundrel."

"Thank you, Grim," said Cashton, smiling. "Be sure and be there with the will; and, by the way, you'll oblige me by not recognizing me in the street. It don't look well, you know; and, Grim, don't make a mistake in the wills," and humming the Anvil Chorus, the Colonel took his departure.

"Oh! devil! proud and bitter scoundrel! you may yet want to recognise me!" muttered Grim, as he relapsed into deep thought.

CHAPTER III.

THE WOMAN OF THE WORLD.

MORE new characters—new scenes—for, reader, we wish to assure you, that in this story there will be a constant shifting of scenes, and a great variety of faces presented.

In the front room of the second story of a neat and modest brick building in Sixth Avenue, at the intersection of —th street, were four women.

The one sitting negligently in the small rocking chair, is evidently fifty years of age; yet the little curls she wears all round her head, the bright plaid dress in which she is robed, and the general youthfulness of her "make up," would seem to indicate that Mrs. Winter felt desirous of cheating old Time of some of his years.

Louise Winter, who was seated at the window, apparently engaged in reading the last new novel, was a beautiful creature, of medium height, fair, with brownish hair, a soft hazel eye, a neatly chiselled nose, and a mouth so formed, that though handsome to view, was one of those mouths that quiver and move at the signs or the story of any trouble or sorrow, and express deep sensibility in the possessor thereof.

Emma Winter, her sister, it is evident is one of those gay, laughing, romancing sprites that occasionally flit across man's passage through life, only to make the remainder of his journey appear still more dark and dreary. She, like her sister, is also reading.

The last one of the group is of such peculiar and marked character, and will occupy such a prominent position in our story, that we will give a more elaborate description of her than we have of her companions.

Apparently about twenty years of age, she was tall, and of a Juno-like appearance, with a countenance as delicately shaded as one of Raphael's or Titian's choicest paintings; an eye that was at times in expression soft and winning, and at others, lit up with the fires of pent-up passion; a mouth that even an anchorite might be tempted to kiss, which at times bore the impress of a bitter, scornful feeling; a rich, grand, and voluptuous bust, that tapered down into a waist of exceeding beauty, from whence descended limbs that were faultless in shape, and terminated in a neatly turned ancle and a delicate little foot.

Such, reader, was Susan Winter. She was an orphan neice of Mrs. Winter's, whom the latter had been compelled, somewhat unwillingly to maintain for some ten years. Louise and Emma, it is hardly necessary to add, were daughters of the old lady.

'Louise—Emma, come here, my dears, I wish to have a few moments conversation with you," said Mrs. Winter.

"Not now, ma," cried Emma, "for I'm just in the middle of a beautiful story."

'Never mind that, but come here," said Mrs. Winter, emphatically.

"Yes, ma," replied Emma softly, laying down her book.

"Children," said Mrs. Winter, when they had seated themselves near her, 'to-day, as you well know, is the anniversary of Louise's birth. To-day she arrives at the age of eighteen."

"But not of discretion," interrupted Emma.

"No interruptions, if you please," said the mother, in a cold, formal tone. "Having arrived at this age, it is high time, Louise, that we had begun to look about us for a husband for you. In fact, children, I think it is time that both of you were married and settled."

"Oh certainly, ma," cried the giddy Emma; "as soon as you please."

"But to what is this leading?" inquired Louise.

"To-night," replied the mother, "it is probable that all of your gentlemen admirers will be here; I have informed them all that it is your birthday, and it is more than probable that some of them will propose."

"I wish it was my birthday," again interrupted Emma.

"It becomes your duty then, Miss Louise, to select from among them the most available. In order to do so we will run them over."

These words were spoken by Mrs. Winter in such a cool, calm, and indifferent manner, that even her daughters were surprised.

"First then," she resumed, "is Mr. St. Cecil."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

NEWPORT, KY.—It is impossible to reply to your question positively, because the averages of cricketers have not been kept with the exactness that they might and should have been. We have investigated, however, and can find no higher averages for three consecutive seasons, than Bingham's, of the St. George Club of this city. His figures were, in 1856, 8 innings, 192 runs, averaging 24. In 1857 4 innings, 96 runs; with the same average—24. He was once not out in 57, therefore if his average was calculated according to the present system, it would be increased to 32. In 1858, his figures were 5 innings, 83 runs, average 16 and 3 over. The quality of Bingham's average is enhanced by the fact that they were made, almost without exception, against the best of bowling and fielding, which cannot be said of some of the high averages that have been claimed by others. In fact, Bingham was the best run getter of any of our players, and we doubt not, the above are the highest best averages in American cricket circles.

SHIP TIBBALS, Milford, Conn.—A party of gentlemen, four in number, pay 25 cents each, and throw the dice for a bottle of brandy. No. 1 throws 14, whereupon an outsider bets that 14 does not win; (the bet was taken.) No. 2 throws 8, No. 3 throws 10, No. 4 throws 14, and ties the first throw, whereupon Nos. 1 and 4 agree to divide the brandy. Now how is the outside bet to be decided?.. ....The outsider, who bet that 14 would *not* win, loses the wager, as 14 *did* win, most unquestionably.

T. E O'B., Providence.—"1. A and B are playing seven-up—they are six each; A plays a card which is not a trump; B plays the deuce of spades, trump, and claims out; whereupon A shows his king, high. Which is out? 2. A and B are playing seven up—they are six each—diamonds trumps; B first plays a card that is not trump; A saves his Jack, and claims out; B. shows his King, high, and claims the game. Which is out?".....1. A, holding high, is out. 2. B goes out first.

JEREMIAH, Philadelphia.—1. Gen. Beauregard was born near New Orleans, Louisiana, in 1815. 2. Gen. McClellan was born in Philadelphia, Pa., on the 3d of December, 1826. 3. The dream you refer to, seems to have originated in your city. We have heard nothing of it here, and we do not believe that Gen. McClellan knows anything about it.

CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEER.—When James Buchanan was elected President, the popular vote was as follows:—Jas. Buchanan, 1 832 232; J. C. Fremont, 1 341 514; Millard Fillmore, 874,707. When Ab. Lincoln was elected, the vote was—A. Lincoln, 1 857 610; Stephen A. Douglass, 1 365 976; John C. Breckenridge, 847,953; John Bell, 590,631.

UTICA.—According to a strict construction of the terms, the prizes belong to those who threw 14 and 12, those being the highest and next highest throws; if it had been specified that the two highest take the prizes, the case would have been different. We merely give our opinion on this matter. Many contend that in any case the two fourteens win both.

T. S. K., AND J. G. P., U. S. S. Frigate Roanoke, Hampton Roads.—"Having made a small bet about the birth place of Tom Sayers, the late English Champion, will you be kind enough to inform us in your next week's CLIPPER?".....Sayers was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, in England.

G. W. C., Providence, R. I.—1. The fastest time a mile was ever run in by a horse, was by Saunterer, at Newmarket, Eng., in Oct., 1857, when he ran 1 mile, 2 furlongs and 73 yards in 2 min. 10 secs., which is at the rate of 1 min. 40⅝ secs. to the mile. 2. Saunterer was owned by a Mr. Jackson.

HARRY L., Washington, D. C.—The Sanford managing the Philadelphia establishment is not the Sanford who performed with the Virginia Minstrels, in connection with Eph. Horn, several years ago. The latter was named Jas. Sanford, and he died in Philadelphia a few years since.

A. H., Philad'a.—After the fight between Heenan and Sayers, the belt remained in abeyance; the Staleybridge Infant and Tom Paddock fought for it, and the Infant won it. He afterwards lost it in his fight with Jem Mace, the present champion.

J. A. R.—Either Mr. Geary or Mr. White, two first class players, will give you lessons in billiards at moderate charges, we doubt not. They may both be found almost any evening at Phelan's Rooms, corner of Tenth street and Broadway.

J. B., Trevorton, Pa.—A setter dog and slut, well trained, will cost you from about $150 to $200 for the pair, in ordinary times. At this time, however, you might probably procure them for less. Address Francis Butler, No 3 Peck Slip, N. Y.

S. P., Louisville.—Mace has not declared, definitely, his intentions; the statement in a London paper that Mace would meet and fight Heenan on Canadian soil, does not seem to hold good, as nothing in corroboration of it has since appeared.

BROTHER JACK.—"We are playing a single handed game of euchre—pass all round—and I make the trump, and get euchred; how many do my opponents take apiece, two or three?".....They score two points each.

LIVE OAK.—Tom Sayers has never been in this country. He had it in contemplation to visit us at one time, but he has given up the idea for the present, as his circus business requires his personal attention.

NEWS OFFICE, Ann Arbor.—The Berdan Sharpshooters compose a regiment of crack rifle shots, gathered from all sections of the North. They are at present, we believe, with the army in Virginia.

W. C., Toronto, C. W.—The rule generally governing such cases says: "If a bird once out of the ground should return and fall dead within the boundary, it must be scored a lost bird."

C. C. J.—Miss Josephine Clifton died in New Orleans, on the 22d of November, and was buried in Ronaldson's Cemetery, in Philadelphia. At least, so we find it recorded in Wemyss' Chronology.

HARRISBURG.—Johnny Walker was here several years ago, but is now in England. Alf. Walker, his brother, is here, and this, probably, led to the mistake.

M. F. S.—If you have a good voice, and pleasing style, you may get a chance. Your better plan would be to apply in person, and give managers a specimen of your abilities.

H. S. M., Philad'a.—There are but few works on those subjects to be had in this country. The CLIPPER has published nearly every thing of importance—touching these points—that we have here.

INQUIRER.—You will see by our general summary where the professor is exhibiting at present, and by writing to him, you may obtain the book.

CONSTANT READER, Washington.—Mr. Dobson is now in Baltimore, where you can address him. See his card in the theatrical department.

A READER OF THE CLIPPER, Ogdensburgh.—Owen Swift's, and Mendoza's are both good works on boxing. We can mail you a copy of either, on receipt of 13 cents.

DRAMATIST.—1. Written on both sides, in a plain, legible hand, will answer for a first examination. 2. Mr. Eldy's biography has not yet appeared.

THE OLD NORTH.—The euchre puts out both players, as they are entitled to two points each.

R. BEATTY, Milwaukee.—South Carolina passed the ordinance of secession on the 20th of December, 1860.

CARRIER BOY, Baltimore.—The two cent dailies of this city are sold to dealers for one cent and a half per copy.

W. B., Chicago.—Mrs. John Wood is in this city at present, but is not performing.

SPLINT.—We have looked over a sketch of the life of the son, but find no mention of the names of his parents.

HARRY CLIFFORD, comedian, is requested by Mr. A. Bethune, to send his address to Rochester, N. Y.

JOHNNY HICKEY, Buffalo.—It may jeopardize your bail should you challenge before your time is out. You had better not risk it.

J. C. HEENAN.—We have a letter for you.

SPORT, Harrisburg.—See answer to J. B., Trevorton.

P. B., St. Louis.—Drop a line to Chas. Fairbanks, No. 189 Broadway, N. Y.

R. J., Sedalia.—The CLIPPER is mailed regularly to your address.

T. R. C., Boston.—John C. Heenan has returned from Cincinnati.

J. H. R., Milwaukee.—Depends upon the length.

TATER, Boston.—The godders of Liberty is head.

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

THE re-publication in the CLIPPER of old time battles in the London Prize Ring has induced several correspondents to suggest to us the propriety of re-publishing a series of reports of battles fought in the American Prize Ring, such as Sullivan's contests, M'Cluskey's great battle with Tom Hyer, and such other as we have records of. In the present dearth of sporting events in this country, a better opportunity for the publication of such reminiscences of the American Ring could not be offered, and in our next issue we propose giving the first of a series of American Prize Contests, hoping they may prove acceptable to the readers of the CLIPPER. While this series is in course of publication, it is probable that our old country series will be suspended; but this depends upon circumstances. In our next issue, therefore, bearing date January 4, we shall begin our American Ring Record.

THE INDIAN CHAMPION RUNNER.—Quite a controversy has been going on in the London sporting papers regarding the merits of the American Indian, Deerfoot, who has beaten the best runners in that country, and is now the acknowledged champion ten mile runner of England. Some of the writers assert that the Indian has been permitted to win those races for speculative purposes, and that the parties against whom he has been running were parties to the fraud, etc. Others take sides with the Indian, and maintain that his races have been run fairly, and that it is unworthy of British sportsmen to denounce the Indian as an excuse for their own defeat.

IMPROVED GYMNASTIC APPARATUS.—Wm. and George Hanlon, the celebrated gymnasts and acrobats, have just completed, and had patented, some improvements on gymnastic apparatus. One of those improvements consists in the substitution for the inelastic cords and weights of the pulling apparatus, of a series of elastic cords so combined with the pulling handles, that the several cords can be separately attached to, and detached from, the said handles at pleasure, substantially as and for the purpose specified. Another is the horizontal handles, constructed with hooks, and fitted to a series of mortises in the post, or other equivalent upright support, which permit of their adjustment at different distances apart, substantially as and for the purpose set forth. Another, making one of the parallel bars adjustible nearer to or further from the other at pleasure, substantially as and for the purpose specified. And still another, combining in one apparatus the inclined and horizontal ladder, the trapeze, the pulling apparatus, and the parallel bars, by an arrangement of parts substantially as specified. The brothers Hanlon are now making arrangements to bring their improved portable gymnasium before the public; it will be fixed at such a price as to place it within the reach of all who desire to improve their physical system by indoor exercise. The apparatus can be easily arranged in almost any room.

CHESS CHAMPION OF THE WORLD.—Herr Lowenthall, now in London, and one of the best living authorities on the game of Chess, now concedes the superiority of Paul Morphy over any living player. In an article in the London *Era*, on this subject, Herr Lowenthall says:—"Now that so many distinguished players have had an opportunity of displaying their powers in this country, and under the eye of our most eminent Amateurs, an opportunity has been afforded of comparing Mr. Morphy's play with that of others of the highest pretensions, and the conclusion which is come to on all hands, even by these eminent players themselves, is *that Mr. Paul Morphy stands on a pedestal far above any other living player.* We ourselves have long maintained this opinion; but we will not conceal that we have been most anxious to see Europe vindicate its old *prestige.* However, at present, it must be admitted *that America boasts the Chess Champion of the World.* Mr. Morphy's games have exhibited in the very highest degree, a pre-eminence of skill in every branch. His extraordinary quickness of perception, his power of combination, the accuracy of his strategy, and the genius and originality which characterises the whole conduct of his play, combine to render him a perfect prodigy of power as a Chess player."

MERRY CHRISTMAS.—To our many readers, one and all, we extend the courtesies of the season, wishing them a merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. The present distracted state of our country, however, will have the effect to curtail our merry makings and happiness during the festive season now at hand, and make us feel most sensibly that there is many a vacant place at the family fireside, many an empty chair at the table, which, twelve months ago were occupied by those who have left their loved ones at home, and who are now calmly sleeping their last sleep in a soldier's grave, or battling in defence of our glorious Union, that asylum for the oppressed and down trodden of all nations. To some it will be anything else but a merry Christmas, and all will feel that a gloom overspreads the land, only to be dispelled by the strong arm of right and justice. In our homes, away from the field of strife, let us endeavor to impart at least some happiness to the destitute families of our volunteers.

A REBEL GAMBLER.—The rebel General B. F. Cheatham, it appears, was formerly a notorious gambler, and made his pile by taking in greenies, who, doubtless, considered him a general cheat 'em. The San Joaquin (Cal.,) *Republican*, says that he formerly kept a gambling saloon on the Levee, in Stockton, about where the Jenny Lind now stands. He was burned out there by the first large fire in Stockton. He then kept the Hotel de Mejico, which stood about where Blum or Henry now keep. Afterwards he had a kind of gambling saloon about where Shirley's building now stands. Cheatham went East about 1852. Talking of gambling, we understand that quite a number of the profession have entered the Union army as privates, and by means of marked cards, and similar devices, manage to win a large portion of the soldiers' earnings. We have the fact from some of the victims. Measures should be taken at once to put a stop to this great wrong.

A NOVELTY.—"Some things can be done as well as others," said Sam Patch; but how they can be done, is a secret known only to those who are "in the ring." Now, we have before us what is called the "McClellan Gift Writing Desk"—a little portable box contrivance, which contains eighteen sheets of various sized note paper; eighteen envelopes to match; a bottle of ink, small, it is true, but large enough to feed a good many pens; two steel pens; one lead pencil one sheet of blotting paper; one pen holder; a little piece of jewelry, ours being a breast pin, emerald stone imitation. Now the total cost of this little desk—contents and all—is but 25 cents. W. H. Cately—102 Nassau street—is the name of the getter up of this affair. How he does it, for the money, is what we do not understand, and we presume he does not intend we shall.

BILLIARD BOYS.—Our late remarks referring to Goldthwaite, the billiard prodigy of Boston, appears to have elicited attention from an unexpected quarter. A correspondent, signing himself "One of the Boys," thinks that there is no necessity for Goldthwaite to fly at such high game as Kavanagh, more particularly when he asks to be discounted; and suggests that "one of our boys" have a bout with him at evens. Well, we suppose that Goldthwaite will have no objection, providing "the boy" will parade himself with a sufficient amount of "spons." At all events, "the boy," whoever he may be, will have to be an expert at "poking with the stick," if he hopes to win.

THE JUNIOR NATIONAL CONVENTION.—The first annual meeting of the delegates to the Convention of the Junior National Association of Base Ball Players will be held at the rooms, southwest corner of Court and Jeroiamon street, Brooklyn, on Saturday, Dec. 28th, at 7½, P. M., on which occasion it is desired that every junior club be fully represented by delegates. Matters of importance to the interests of the juniors of the fraternity will come up for action; among others, the arrangements connected with the proposed contest next season, for the championship, for which a handsome *silver ball* has been prepared as a trophy.

BROADWAY GAMBLING HOUSES.—The police are giving their attention to these houses. A descent was made upon one of the most fashionable of them last week, and the bankers were arrested and locked up for the night.

GAMBLING HOUSE TURN-UP.—A rough-and-tumble fight is said to have taken place a few evenings since, between John Morrissey and Johnny Lyng, in the house of the former, in Broadway. Both men are represented as having been considerably "chawed up." They may come together again.

O'CONNELL'S GRAVE.—A correspondent in Dublin, in a letter received by us last week, says:—"I enclose you a slip of green from O'Connell's grave at Glasnevin." We searched every nook and corner of the letter and envelope, but the slip of green was not to be found. It must have been a slippery slip, and slipped out.

CLIFFORD AND THE ACTRESS, is the title of a new novel, by Margaret Blount, fresh from the press of Peterson Brothers, Philadelphia. Price 50 cents. For sale by Fred. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, N. Y.

CARD.—I beg leave to tender my sincere and heartfelt thanks, for the kind assistance rendered by the following members of Battery "D," 2d U. S. Artillery:—

H. H.,	Denis Healy,	John Schneider,
C. G. F.,	William Scott,	John Bergin.
Robert Southoff,	George Merton,	Augustus Janika,
Thomas Wright,	Samuel Ballinger,	John Baldwin,
Frederick Brau,	Mortimer O'Sullivan,	Nicholas Gathleny,
David Porter,	Thomas Daniels,	Patrick Cassidy,
James Bracken,	Anson H. Hobart,	Charles Stein,
Martin Finn,	James Long,	George Galkel,
Patrick Quiltz,	Henry Miller,	Michael Prane,
George Ham.	Oscar Kent,	P. Broderick,
John M. Burlew,	James Fitzsimmons,	A. Wolf,
Thomas Daily,	Adolph Koch,	Thomas Mylon,
Sophar Skillman,	Thomas McBreen,	James J. Burns,
Anthony Ambsinger,	Joseph A. Ellis,	Thomas Burke,
John Connell,	David Carling,	Lewis Nolte.
W. McWilliams.		

Words fail to express my gratitude; your kind remembrance of me will be one of the brightest spots in my memory while life lasts. Again, I ask you to accept my sincere thanks for your kindness.

Yours truly, THOMAS O'NEILL, late of Battery "D," 2d Art.

THE COCK PIT.

A GAME AND WELL-CONTESTED BATTLE.

DEAR CLIPPER—Sport, if not dead, is at least for the present in a stupor. I hope it does not sleep the sleep of death, but, Phœnix-like, will again rise from its ashes with renewed vigor, when we have passed through the ordeal that is now trying our country with fire. Only a short time since life and sport everywhere presented themselves; now, sport is so coy, that her devotees are obliged to seek her hiding places. Knowing this fact, I buckled on my armor, threw away for the time dull care, and sallied out in search of fun. At last success crowned my efforts. A friend, filled with the same laudable desire to escape blue-devils, had learned that a *cock fight* was about to come off, and without more ado we crossed the ferry, and wended our way according to our received directions, and eventually reached the spot of the intended tournament. I had never seen a regular cock fight, had never entered a pit; had heard that it was contrary to law; thus far only was your correspondent posted, and as doubtless many of your readers are no better informed than I was, I will, with your permission, tell them what I saw and what I heard. I purchased a ticket of a mysterious, silent man, who, scanning me closely, pointed to an almost invisible door. At a gentle rap it flew open. I ascended a narrow, ladder-like staircase, and found myself with some hundred others, congregated around a stove, in what formerly was the hay-loft of a barn. I did not know a soul in the apartment, but my wonder was great that so many well dressed men should patronize a secret sport that was carried on in violation of the statute, and my conclusion was that many like myself were there for the first time in search of sport under difficulties. Soon the preparations began, while from secret recesses one continuous crow resounded, as the *Thoroughbreds* responded to each other's note of defiance. First the weighing began; and I was not a little surprised at the light weight of those feathered gladiators, as very few of those magnificent birds weighed over five pounds when put upon the scale, with their full grown and perfect plumage. The weighing process over, the cock was taken in hand by his backer, or, as I called him, his second, who proceeded at once to divest him of his natural gorgeous apparel. In an incredibly short space of time, the sharp shears did their work, and completely; and with clipped wings and tail, I saw before me the exact counterpart of the game cock that from time immemorial has adorned the picture books of youth. Now comes the putting on of the gaffs, or spurs. These dainty bits of light steel vary, I am told, in length; those used on the present occasion were about an inch and a quarter in length. Great care and skill were used in their adjustment upon the natural spur, when at last they were firmly fixed with the aid of India rubber bands, fastened over all by strong linen thread. The cock pit proper to me was a novelty. A neat little box of a place, with circular seats that surrounded a carpeted circle of say fifteen or twenty feet in diameter, with distance lines in the centre, marked by strips of white tape. Over this circle was suspended a chandelier, which threw a strong light upon the arena. On the announcement being made that all was ready, an eager throng soon filled the benches, when commenced the din of public betting; a pound to two dollars on the Jersey fowl; seven to ten on the blue chicken; and similar banters flew from side to side as the pitters were daintily handling the birds, which seemed, if possible, more eager than the spectators that the fray should commence without further delay. The *Judge, Referee*, or *Umpire*, as you may style the important personage, LOW seated himself at the post of honor, and issued his fiat that the sport go on. The cocks were now permitted, while in the hands of their respective owners, to take a peck or two at each other, in order to whet their ardor, after which each was placed upon his tape line. Unlike human antagonists in the prize ring, these feathered gamesters gave forth no banter crow, being intent only on the mastery. Their crests erect and bristling; their eyes sparkling with the flash of a diamond; their little forms the embodiment of unflinching pluck. I think that some of our pugilists, who would rather talk than fight, could in the cockpit learn the lesson that noisy bravado is no ingredient of true courage. Without one single note of defiance, the desperate little duellists sprang to their work of blood; no useless round about sparring was in their natural code of warfare, but in its stead unceasing, bitter, active work was their only aim and intent. At each rally, feathers flew, and blood spurted, as with distended wing they each struck with the keen shaft, which seemed to reach with miraculous certainty the point at which it was aimed. For a few moments, no advantage seemed gained on either side; each, I learned, had lost an eye; blood flowed from *blue* and *black* alike; betting was even, and consequently the excitement was intense; hundreds of dollars were at stake upon the science and game of those little courageous birds, who fought fiercely on, regardless of the clamor of the excited spectators. "*Fast*" was now called by the umpire; the gaff of one had penetrated so deep that outside aid was required to extricate it; this in a second was accomplished by the knowing pitters, and the fight soon again waxed warm. Both now began to show signs of fatigue; their breathing at times was audible, even where I sat. Short respite was, however, the motto, and "*w-h-r-r-r*" was soon again the order. In this last roll the blue cock had got in a stunning blow. I did not see it, but was soon made aware of the fact, by the cry of *four to one on the blue cock.* The black now became unsteady, and gradually weaker, showing, however, no sign that he intended to resign. The seconds cautiously advanced, and bending over their respective charges, began deliberately to mumble one—two—three, and so on until ten were counted off; when, if no rally or even a peck took place by either, they were again placed in position on their respective tape lines as at first. This was repeated several times, each time the unfortunate black receiving another wound from his more fortunate adversary, until, at last, with his "Back to the field and his face to the foe," courage to the bitter end, death gave a hard-won victory to the "Jersey Blue," much to the delight and profit of his backers, who, nevertheless, while pocketing their gains, to their credit be it said, awarded unqualified praises to the game bird who would rather die than suffer ignominious defeat. Seven or eight more matches were fought, lost, and won, with no incident worthy of note. In one solitary instance only was the white feather shown, and that after a protracted fight, with severe punishment. During my long stay of four or five hours, perfect decorum was the order; bets were promptly paid as each affair was brought to a close; no word of dispute or wrangling reached my ear, and I came to the conclusion that *hippodroming* had as yet not been introduced into that cock-pit. I feel pride as a lover of real sport, in making the discovery, and in giving it as my belief, that there is honesty and honor still lurking within the limited circle of the unlawful and unlicensed places where the lovers of cocking congregate.

Mr. Editor—I marvel that cocking should be prohibited by our statutes, when so many degrading and brutal exhibitions are winked at by the guardians of our morals. On my excursion I saw one fine cock killed, and the balance more or less injured in the contest. This some may pronounce cruelty—granted; but I saw nothing that approached the unmitigated scoundrelism that has characterized our race-courses of late years—no plot set to rob the unwary novice by a ring self-constituted for the purpose, and the only fighting was between the birds carefully bred from the purest strain with the greatest care. I am, if not a votary, no opponent of cocking. If, Mr. Editor, my unprofessional views are worthy a corner in your professional journal, you may hear once in a while from

New York, Dec. 21, '61. GAME.

SLEIGHING IN TROY, N. Y.—Troy is a great place for sleighing as an amusement, and sleighing parties which start out on a moonlight night for some hotel on the road, where they can have a "hop" and other good things are very popular. The beginning of sleighing each season appears also to be an event worthy of record, at least so thinks a livery stable keeper there, who has compiled the following table in reference thereto:—

Commencement.	*Continuance during Winter.*
1834..Dec. 25.	
1835..Nov 24 to March 28, 1836	
1836..Dec. 18; most of time to March 10, 1837.	
1837..Dec. 10 to Dec 28; Jan 28, 1838, to March 9.	
1838..Dec. 9 to Jan 9; March 4, 1 day.	
1839..Dec 15 to Feb 13.	
1840..Dec 7, 3 days; Dec 26.	
1841..Nov 30 to Dec 2; Jan. 12 to 14, 1842.	
1842..Nov. 30 to Jan 10; Jan 29 to April 4, 1843.	
1843..Dec 8 to Dec. 20; Jan 4 to March 4, 1844.	
1844..Nov 29 to Dec 4; Jan. 7 to Feb. 12, 1845.	
1845..Dec. 2 to March 11, excepting a few days.	
1846..Nov. 16, 1 day; Dec 11 to 31; Jan 8, 1847, 1 day;	Jan. 12, 2 days; Jan. 29 to Feb. 3; Feb 8, 1 day; Feb 20 to March 6, and April 1 and 2
1847..Dec 18 to 29; Jan. 9, 1848 to 14; Feb. 5 to 17, and	March 3 and 4.
1848..Dec. 22 to Feb 20; most of the year.	
1849..Dec 22 to Feb 16; most of the year.	
1850..Dec. 17 to Feb. 10; most of the year.	
1851..Nov. 26 and part of 27; Dec. 14 to 29; Jan. 5, 1852,	to Feb. 10
1852..Jan. 18, 1853, to Feb. 2; Feb 13 to 16	
1853..Dec 31 to Jan 4; Jan 20, 1 day; Jan. 26 to 31; Feb.	3 to 12 and 25 to 28
1854..Dec. 3; most of the time to Dec. 26; Jan. 16, 1855, to	21, 26 to 29; Feb 8 to 10.
1855..Dec. 25, P. M.; most of time to March 15, 1856.	
1856..Nov. 29; most of time to Feb. 7.	
1857..Dec. 31 and Jan 12, 1858; Jan. 6 to 11; Feb. 9 to 27;	on river, March 10 to 15
1858..Nov 23 and 24; 29 to 30; Dec 5; most of time to	Jan. 21, 1859; Feb. 8 to 15; Feb. 26, 1 day.
1859..Dec. 4; most of time to Jan. 16; 18, 19 and 20 on	river; Feb 16 to 22, 1860.
1860..Dec. 10 to Feb. 11, 61; Feb. 20 and 21; March 22	and 23.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE OLYMPIC BASE BALL CLUB.—On Saturday evening, Dec 7th, the Olympic Base Ball Club held their annual meeting at the room of Mr. F. De B. Richards, Chestnut street, above 5th, Philadelphia. The Olympic is the oldest ball club in the United States, we are informed, having been organized since 1833. It is in a prosperous condition, and among their members are some of the most active business men. They are about forming an Honorary list, many of their former active members being now physically unable to join in the regular games. During the past season, three matches were played, resulting in a victory each time for the Olympic. June 8, 1861, Olympic 25 runs, vs Athletic 20 runs; October 12, 1861, Olympic, 25 runs, vs. Adriatic, 17 runs; Nov. 12, 1861, Olympic, 34 runs, vs. Athletic, 18 runs. During the winter season they play in Camden on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, on the Race Course, the ground there being better suited at that season of the year than their own on the Camac estate. The election for officers resulted in the unanimous choice of the following:—President, Wm. E. Whitman; Vice President, Chas. S. Lincoln; Secretary, John H. Weeks; Treasurer, Daniel M. Zimmerman. Ground Committee:—John S. Kuen, Chas. E. Anspach, F. De B. Richards, John Tagg, Wm. M. G. Haynes.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 52-tf

JOHNNY LAZARUS says either Alf Walker, Drumgoole, or any other man, can be on with him at 115 lbs., for nothing less than $300. Johnny is to take a benefit at 22 White street, on the 2d of January, on which occasion he will wind up with Billy Donnelly.

MATCHED.—On Friday evening, 20th inst., Hen Winkle and James Elliott, two well known boxers of this city, both weighing in the neighborhood of 160 lbs., were matched at Bill Clarke's, in Laurens street, to fight at catch weight, in two weeks, for $100 a side. They are supposed to be about equal in fistic abilities; and from their nearness in size and weight, a "merrie mill" is confidently expected. It is probable, also, that another set-to may occur in the same ring, between Young Dorsey and at present, an unknown. This latter affair, however, is not as yet definitely settled.

YOUNG DORSEY'S EXHIBITION.—This exhibition, for the benefit of the winner of the late fight between Young Hollywood and Mike Dorsey, took place at 22 White street, on the evening of the 18th inst. Quite a large company assembled to witness the entertainment, showing a great improvement in the attendance at sparring exhibitions since the commencement of the war. This is owing to the two or three matches that have been fought lately, for there is nothing like a fight to give a fresh start to muscle. Bill Tovee, as M. C., introduced for the beginning

Young Hanley and Dwyer, the latter looking rather weak, as though just recovering from sickness. Hanley does not seem to improve much, and never will until he learns to stand properly on his legs, hold up his head when hitting, and keep his eyes open when about being hit; and also learn to take things cool, and not rush so much without judgment. Dwyer got in some good hits, that had the effect of stopping Hanley's rushes a little, and came off a little the best.

The Reeves Brothers were the next to make their bow. They are well made little fellows and made a much better show than at their previous set-to last week. With proper training they will make good sparrers. The smallest appeared to have the best of it.

Billy Clarke and Jemmy Elliott were next ushered in, and made the set-to of the evening. Clarke got in several stinging left-handers, and now and then a good cross-counter, keeping Elliott busy to guard himself, which he did not seem so well able to do on this occasion as he might have done had he taken one ale less, though at the same time he is no mean opponent. If he takes good care of himself, he will make his mark.

McAvoy and Dugan had a set-to in which more or less hits were exchanged on both sides without regard to science, though Dugan got in one or two very straight facers.

Peter Dorsey and Charley O'Hare created roars of laughter—Charley, the one armed, always does. He can swing that one fin around at a fearful rate, and on this occasion he dashed away at Dorsey in grand style, until Dorsey was beat to a standstill—or rather to a run. At the finish of the set to, Charley said he was willing to fight one-armed Kelly, provided he could get backers.

Macana on Billy Doyle next donned the muffl-rs, Doyle showing himself to be the best by far, and putting in his blows with an easy coolness we never saw equalled. Macana did not make much of a show.

Jack Bath and Mike Henry had a give-and take set to, with small odds between them. Mike's shoulders and head seem to get crowded together rather too much, and he has a bad habit of hitting short—don't swing out with a will. By learning to strike out from the shoulder, and as far as he can reach, we think he would find an improvement in himself in a short time.

After a short delay, *Old Bill Tovee and Friar Francis* mounted the stage in fighting trim, to settle the oft mooted question, "Can Old Tovee be whipped by any man of his weight and age?" William doubted it; Francis begged to differ. Tovee was handled by Johnny Lazarus and Jimmy Elliott, while Jack Bath and a friend did the polite for Francis. After settling preliminaries, they stood up for the fight, when, without saying by your leave, Tovee floored the Friar like a shot. [Tremendous applause for the old M. C.] At the commencement of the next round, Tovee, without waiting for the attack, went up to his man and fought him down; and this he continued to do in each succeeding round, Francis getting but one slight fall out of the old veteran. The last round—after a few mutual exchanges—was finished by Tovee giving Francis a heavy blow on the jaw with the right, knocking him down and out of time, when Tovee was again hailed the winner of another fight. After being proclaimed the victor, Tovee threw a somersault, to show that he was still active, and with any quantity of wind on hand. Old Bill, being called on for a speech, said he would say a few words, and hoped the boys would not try to make game of him, as he was always ready and willing to fight with or without the gloves, for love or money, and believed he was a better man than any of them, according to his weight and age, and always meant what he said. He thought it would become some of the younger men better if they done something themselves when they had a chance, and "blowed" less. He thought he had won his championship by fighting for it; let others do likewise. William grows sarcastic!

After a jig by Dorsey (not Mike), to the tune of the old banjo, *Dick Hollywood and Young Dorsey* gave the wind up in a rattling set to, give and take being the order of the day, when the company separated, with Dorsey's thanks expressed through the M. C.

The "purse" for which Tovee and Francis contended, amounted to the magnificent sum of two dollars and forty-five cents! A war purse, truly.

HINTS TO SKATERS.—Beginners in the art of skating will find wholesome advice, in the following hints, which we take from *Hall's Journal of Health*:—

1. Avoid skates which are strapped on the feet, as they prevent the circulation, and the foot becomes frozen before the skater is aware of it, because the tight strapping benumbs the foot, and deprives it of feeling. A young lady in Boston lost a foot in this way; another in New York, her life, by endeavoring to thaw her feet in warm water after taking off her skates. The safest kind are those which receive the foot in a kind of toe, and stout leather around the heel, buckling in front of the ankle only, thus keeping the heel in place without spikes or screws, and aiding greatly in supporting the ankle.

2. It is not the object so much to skate fast as to skate gracefully; and this is sooner and more easily learned by skating with deliberation; while it prevents overheating, and diminishes the chances of taking cold by cooling off too soon afterward.

3. If the wind is blowing, a veil should be worn over the face, at least of ladies and children; otherwise, fatal inflammation of the lungs, "pneumonia," may take place.

4. Do not sit down to rest a single half minute, or stand still, if there is any wind; nor stop a moment after the skates are taken off; but walk about, so as to restore the circulation about the feet and toes, and to prevent being chilled.

5. It is safer to walk home than to ride; the latter is almost certain to give a cold.

6. Never carry anything in the mouth while skating, nor any hard substance in the hand, nor throw anything on the ice; none but a careless, reckless ignoramus would thus endanger a fellow skater.

7. If the thermometer is below thirty, and the wind is blowing, no lady or child should be skating.

8. Always keep your eyes about you, looking ahead and upward, not on the ice, that you may not run against some lady, child or learner.

9. Arrange to have an extra garment, thick and heavy, to throw over your shoulders the moment you cease skating, and then walk home, or at least half a mile with your mouth closed, so that the lungs may not be quickly chilled by the cold air passing upon them through the open mouth; if it passes through the nose and head, it is warmed before it gets to the lungs.

10. It would be a safe rule for no child or lady to be on skates longer than an hour at a time.

11. The grace, exercise and healthfulness of skating on the ice, can be had without any of its dangers, by the use of skates with rollers attached on common floors; better if covered with oil-cloth.

THE NONPAREIL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.—This club, dating its organization from July last gave its initial performance at Dramatic Hall, on the 19th inst.; the plays selected for the occasion being "The Lady of Lyons" and "The Dead Shot." As is generally the case with first night arrangements, the Hall was over crowded—many ladies being obliged to stand the first piece out. The cast of the "Lady" was an injudicious one, as many of the actors were inadequate to sustain the characters with any degree of success. The parts of Beausant and Glavis were submitted to incapable performers, and though the former was excellently made up, there was a deficiency in the actor, showing a want of conception and general knowledge of the part. Glavis was a wretched performance. Col. Dumas was handled very effective by Mr. Southall, and merited all the applause bestowed upon it. Mr. Rolph, the president of the club, appeared as Claude Melnotte, and notwithstanding he possesses first rate abilities, he failed to impress us with a favorable opinion of his rendition of the "Gardener's Son." Throughout, he appeared very amateurish, which we were sorry to see, as Mr. Rolph is generally a very pains taking actor. Pauline was read by Miss Ada Clifford, not acted. The part proved too much for her. Mrs. H. Moore, as Madame Deschapelles, was *au fait*, and the card of the piece. We advise the members of this club not to attempt to soar too high—they may fall heavily. Commence with light plays, and as you succeed with them, select stronger ones, and you will, in the end, wonder why you attempted the more difficult and complicated plays that some of the best actors, at best, cut small figures in.

A NOVEL WAGER.—ED. CLIP.—As the following little affair has caused considerable merriment among the printers about town, I will give the particulars for the benefit of the many readers of your king of sporting papers. In a certain office in Fulton, not far from Nassau street, two knights of the stick, Messrs. Charley R—— and Edward B——, had quite a controversy as to how long it would take to eat a biscuit, commonly called a moon. Ned offered to bet Charley a V that he (Ned) could run from the corner of Fulton street down to William street, up John street, and back to the starting point, via Nassau street, before Charley could eat a moon. Charley covered the money, and all hands repaired to the street. Charley got a grip on the moon, and at the word go, Ned's legs did the double quick; but Charley's jaws went quicker. Ned soon came around out of breath, but won the rosp. Charley yet holding two good bites of the moon in his fist. All hands went to the Rainbow, and had an extra smile at Charley's moon. Yours, H. M. P.

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

GAME AND DETERMINED FIGHT

BETWEEN

POSH PRICE AND WILLIAM JACKSON,

(PEMBERTON'S NOVICE,)

IN THE MIDLAND DISTRICT.

From the London Sporting Life, Nov. 20.

This match was made about six weeks since, between W. Jackson, better known as Pemberton's Novice, and Posh Price, one of Jem Mace's old opponent's, to fight at 10st 12lb, for £40, and has occupied the attention of the P. R for the last few weeks, report having stamped the Novice as something out of the common way, and his admirers did not hide their opinions of his eventually being one of the candidates for the championship. Posh Price's battles have been before the eyes of the local school for some years, and, notwithstanding his continual success in every instance, with the exception of that with the champion, there were plenty of admirers of the Novice, who laid 5 to 4 on him, and as the day drew near, 6 to 4 was betted freely. The match was made on September 2, at the benefit of the Birmingham Commissary, and both men immediately went into active training. The performances of Price are as follows:—He was born Sept 12, 1832, is 5ft 8in in height, and weighs 10st 11lbs, first fought Mush for £5 a side, on September 16 1850, at Upper Sattley, and defeated him in fourteen rounds, which occupied 35 minutes. He next beat Boucher, £5 a side, in sixty rounds, on February 16, 1851, near Birmingham. Beat Leighton, £10 a side, seventy rounds, 1 hour 20 min., Sheldon Common, Birmingham, June 14, 1852. Beat Benson, £3 a side, fifty-two rounds, 1 hour 5 minutes, Hay Mill Brook, Nov. 27, 1854. Beat Holland, £5 a side, sixty five rounds, 1 hour 45 minutes, Sheldon Common, June 4, 1855. Beat Liddy, £5 a side, seventy-two rounds, 1 hour 20 minutes, Barrou's Bridge, Nov. 19, 1855. Beat Ben Terry, £50 a side, twenty-two rounds, 31 minutes, Wallingford road, July 8, 1856. Beaten by Jem Mace, £50 a side, eleven rounds, 17 minutes, Surrey, January 25, 1859. Drew with Bodger Crutchley, £5 a side, (police interfered,) Nov. 14, 1859. Beat Dan Crutchley, £10, catch weight, forty four rounds, 1 hour 20 minutes, at Coleshill Heath. He was backed from Curley Harrison's, Bricklayer's Arms, Cecil street, where he hung out during his preparation for the contest. He was trained by Joe Lee, who had, by great attention, brought him from 12st 10lb to the stipulated weight.

William Jackson (Pemberton's Novice) was born November 4, 1842. He is 5 feet 9¼ inches in height, and weighs 10st 11lb when in condition. He has been in the ring but once previously, viz:—With Dan Skeyte, whom he beat, for £10 a side, at catch-weight, in seven rounds, 20 minutes, near Birmingham, July 1, 1861. On this occasion he was backed from Pemberton's, the Punch Tavern, St. Vincent street, where he had his headquarters during his training. He was in fine trim, having reduced himself from nearly 12st to his present weight. He had Bill Allsop, the ped., for his trainer, who did everything that lay in his power to get the novice well. The articles stated that the men were to weigh the day before fighting, which ceremony was gone through with at Harrison's, the Bricklayers' Arms, shortly before the stipulated hour (four P M.), in the presence of a great number of the Birmingham fancy, who were all alive respecting the mill. Both men were within their weight, Price, if anything, being rather the heavier. The betting was brisk at 5 to 4 on the novice, which was taken in several instances, but the greater portion of the knowing ones expressed their determination to wait until the morning before investing. All the sporting houses were thronged with parties anxious for the "tip" of the whereabouts, which was kept as quiet as possible, the only knowledge to be got at being that an early start was indispensable.

According to arrangement, the men met at the appointed spot for the departure, before 7 A. M., rain at the time descending in torrents, which continued without cessation until long past noon, when the weather broke, and the remainder of the day was fine overhead. After a ride of about twenty five miles, and a change of railway carriages, the train discharged its living cargo, who waded through mire and water for a good old-fashioned couple of miles, when the order was given for a halt; by a fortunate chance a barn was at hand, into which the half-drowned voyagers bundled pell-mell, and made themselves as comfortable as the circumstances would allow. The combatants laid themselves down and made the best of the situation during the tedious performance of picking the referee, which even thus early was found to be of more than the usual difficulty. The backers of Price would not agree to any one chosen by Pemberton and party, who played the same game with the officials chosen by Price and Co. It was soon evident that Price's party would rather not have the affair settled that day, as he had had a severe sweat on the day previous to get to his weight, and Mr. Pemberton, the Novice's backer, did not see the policy of agreeing to a referee who had put his money upon Price. At length the hour named in the articles, 12 o'clock, arrived for the men to enter the ring, which in the meanwhile had been put ship shape. After another half hour cut to waste, and the matter remaining *in statu quo*, orders were given for the return home, and for the men to meet at Mr. Porter's, the stakeholder, in the evening. On the men and their backers calling at Mr. Porter's, nothing definite could be arranged, and a meeting was called for Wednesday afternoon between the hours of three and five, when a very boisterous and noisy discussion took place. Amongst the other ridiculous propositions, there was one mooted for the men to weigh again. At length the stakeholder, anxious to please both parties named Thursday as the day, and a spot, about eight miles from Wolverhampton, as the place. The chief point had next to be decided, and as neither party would or could not pick a referee, he (the stakeholder) took the office upon himself, and ordered the men to be at the place appointed prepared to fight at the time specified by the articles. On Thursday morning at daybreak a tidy muster assembled at the terminus, as the distance from the hardware village rendered another very early journey necessary; and after a couple of changes of railway trains, and a pleasant ride by trap of half a dozen or so of miles, the men and their backers arrived safely at the appointed place of meeting. There was a delay, caused by the absence of the commissary with the ropes and stakes, which at length were seen arriving in a cart, drawn by a veritable Rosinante, and a satisfactory result began to look very promising. A walk up a dirty lane of a couple of miles brought the men and their backers to the scene of action, when no time was lost in the ropes and stakes being put in order for the fray. The novice was the first to throw in his cap and enter the ring, attended by Bodger Crutchley and Joe Wareham, soon followed by Posh Price, who was seconded by Curly Harrison and Jack Wallis. Posh Price had a handkerchief with a blue ground and red and white cross bar for his colors, while the novice sported the fashionable blue bird's-eye for his flag. While the toilets of the men were in progress, some betting took place at 6 to 4 on the Novice, which was taken freely. The referee having taken up his position, with the umpires in attendance, at 12 h. 6 min. the men stood up for

THE FIGHT.

ROUND 1.—As the men stood facing each other, their condition and appearance was strictly scrutinised, the more especially that of the Novice, who has a long, thin face, the prominent brows and high cheek bones, showing as full as in any old practitioner; his shoulders are long and sloping, with the blades, and the muscles of the back well developed. There is, however, a marked falling off in the pectoral, biceps, &c, which show the want of a few years more maturity. His legs are well formed and symmetrical, but the "general *contour*" showed an appearance of juvenility, which was the more apparent when the sturdy, fully developed frame of Price was regarded with attention, who, although fleshy, still had the muscles of his shoulders and chest showing their play under the skin, as he moved his arms to and fro in the preparatory sparring. The position of the Novice savoured more of the sparring school than his opponent, but there was plenty of freedom in his action. After some cautious sparring, Price was the first to take the initiative, by putting his left fairly on the mark, but lightly, when the Novice broke ground, and tried to force the pace, which Price avoided by retreating. The Novice followed Posh, and sent out his left, which was short and chopping, Posh Price getting out of distance laughing. After some little manœuvring, they got close, and some right and left exchanges took place. The Novice got his left on the nose and mouth, from which the blood was trickling (the first event claimed and allowed for Jackson), Price also getting on the nose and forehead. The men had now warmed to their work, as the exchanges were delivered with effect by both, on the body and the head, until they closed at the ropes, and after a short struggle, both were down, the Novice uppermost. This round lasted four minutes.

2. Price, as he toed the scratch, was bleeding from the mouth, the Novice showing a red mark on the forehead. After some short sparring, in which both got away from danger cleverly, they countered with the left, but too high, on the front of the head and fought right and left to a close, where some random exchanges at the body and head took place to the ropes, and, after a short struggle for the fall, both were down, side by side.

3. The Novice exhibited some marks of the body-blows administered in the last round. Posh showed with his face flushed from his exertions. The Novice, who was very eager, when he had sparred to within distance, got on a little one with his left on the chest, when Posh bored in, and a couple of wild exchanges took place, the Novice getting his right on the left ear, Posh his left on the cheek, and the right on the side of the head. The Novice tried his right at the body, but was short, and he nearly slipped down. On recovering his legs, he steadied himself, and tried his left two or at the body, both hits being short. Price, determined to keep the game alive, ducked, went in and forced a close, and catching the Novice by the shoulders in an awkward position, the latter got down in a hurry. Time, 17 min. 15 sec.

4. This was a very short round, for, after sparring a very little time, they got to close quarters and after some fast in-fighting, in which no harm was done on either side, they got to the ropes, where a sharp struggle ensued, and they were both down; Price under.

5. The pace at which the combatants had been fighting had told its tale, for they came up piping, and sparred for wind. The Novice was the first to commence operations, by landing his left on to Price's cheek, immediately under the left eye. On trying his left at the body he was short twice. Price then got to work, and after a couple of rather wild exchanges, Posh got his left straight on to the Novice's nose, which knocked him down like a shot, and drew blood profusely. Time, 10 min.

6. Both came up to time willingly. The Novice came up bleeding from the nose, Posh puffing and blowing freely. No time was lost in sparring, but they at once let fly with their left, the Novice getting well upon the ribs, Price on the right eye, and again his right on the ear; they then closed, and the Novice got down.

7. As soon as the rivals faced each other, they went merrily to work, and good left-handed counters took place, Price getting well upon the Novice's sore nose, who delivered a tidy smack on the cheek in return. After sparring for wind, the Novice got his right heavily on the ribs, and got away cleverly from the return. On getting together they again countered, Price visiting the nose, drawing more blood, and the Novice cutting Price under the left eye. This led to some heavy in-fighting, when they got to the ropes, and, after a short but decisive struggle, the Novice threw Price, who, on getting to the ground, twisted the Novice under.

8. Price was the first up to time, but soon followed by the Novice, who was bleeding profusely from the nose, but nevertheless took the initiative, by leading off with his left twice, each time being very short in the delivery. Posh, who would be busy, missed a vicious right-hander. They then countered on the nose and eye with the left, after which they closed and struggled for the throw, until the Novice got down cleverly.

9. On time being called, both men came well up, and began hostilities by dashing out their left, Price getting upon the head and the Novice on the chest. They then broke away, but renewing the fighting, Price delivered his left heavily on the nose, again drawing the blood profusely. The Novice, nothing daunted, dashed after Price and sent him to grass by a left-hander on the neck.

10. After some little sparring, the Novice led off twice with the left, both being short, when Posh dashed in, and ducked to avoid the Novice's right. They then closed, and heavy exchanges with left and right took place, on the body and head, in Posh's favor, who got a warm one on the Novice's eye, and Posh finished the round by getting the "hug" on, and throwing the Novice, but not heavily.

11. The Novice came up bleeding from the nose, forehead, and left eye; Posh showing a cut under his eye. Posh, finding the Novice was getting weak, forced the fighting, by rushing to close quarters, when some very wild exchanges took place until they reached the ropes, where Price screwed the Novice down.

12. The Novice came up bleeding from the nose and cheek. Price scatheless, except with the blood trickling from the cut under the left eye. Fighting was the order of the day, no time being lost in sparring, for Price again made all the running by forcing exchanges, which were delivered at random by the Novice, Posh Price planted his blows with great precision. The round was finished by the Novice getting down in a hurry.

13. This was a short round, but a very busy one, as they closed at once, and fought severely with both hands, until the Novice fell suspiciously.

14. The Novice, who had his orders to force the fighting, came up eagerly; and as Price was no way backward, they soon got at it. The Novice planted a couple of light ones with the left at long shots, when Price rushed in with his head down, and tried to get to close quarters, when the Novice got down shifty.

15. The Novice, who was again advised to make the running, got his left on the jaw without a return; when Price, who was riled, rushed to close quarters, but the Novice, wide awake, slipped through his hands to grass.

16. Price, who was rather "riled" at the Novice slipping through his hands at the conclusion of the last round, at once opened the ball by sending his left twice in succession on the Novice's nose, drawing the blood freely; the Novice in return getting his left on the chest. These proceedings caused fast exchanges with both hands, the Novice getting on the head and belly, Price fairly on the nose, and then closing, threw Jackson heavily.

17. The left handed counters delivered in this round created great excitement, the Novice getting one fairly on to Price's cheek, who retaliated with a lunge straight on to the Novice's damaged nose. After a couple of scrambling exchanges, the Novice put his left on Price's shoulder, which staggered him against the stakes, and sent him down.

18. Price came up without any punishment of consequence, the Novice bleeding profusely. Price commenced proceedings at once, by again visiting the sore place, and put the double wildly over the left eye. They then exchanged a couple of wild blows, out of distance, and the Novice got down, Price walking to his corner.

19. The Novice was getting very weak and bewildered from the effects of the straight shots delivered by Price, but still seemed determined to turn the tables in his favor, if possible. He led off with his left, which was too short to do execution, for it did not stop Price's closing, and getting in a couple of good hits on the nose and ribs. The Novice broke away; when they again drew within distance he delivered a little one with the left, and fell. Time, 27 min.

20 to 27. These rounds were fought with nearly the same result. Price took extraordinary liberties with the Novice, who was gradually getting weaker and weaker, and was either thrown heavily at the ropes or got down to avoid. Time, 38 min.

28. The Novice came up gamely, but with his left eye nearly closed, and his nose out of all shape, as well as getting weaker, but he would not give in, despite the wish of his backers. Price was as strong as at the commencement, and delivered a couple of stinging hits with the left on the right eye and nose, and boring in, despite the feeble efforts of the Novice, concluded the round by knocking him (the Novice) down by a straight one on the mouth.

29 and 30. In these rounds the Novice was short in his left handed attempts, as well as delivering them open-handed, while Price invariably sent his with stinging severity right home. The Novice at this time partially revived the hopes of his party by getting his right on the jaw and his left on the forehead without a return, but Price, who could not be stalled off, got well home on the old place, then closed, and after a bout of hugging in favor of Price, they were both down. Time, 39 min.

31. The Novice staggered as he came up, evidently weak from the great loss of blood he had sustained. Price, who was as strong as at the commencement, bored to his man, and missing a couple of "shot guns," laid hold of the Novice, who, however, broke away. Posh Price followed him, and again got on the hug, and finished the round by throwing him a fair cross buttock.

32. The same tactics were displayed as in the previous round, the Novice breaking away, and Price after him. On getting together, the "old 'un" got his left on twice, and tried to close, but the Novice, leary, slipped him. Price, who would not be denied, then went in, despite the feeble efforts of the Novice, and threw him, both falling on their faces.

33 to 40. Price, who had received the office from his seconds, went resolutely to work, and forced the fighting, by planting his left on the eyes and nose of the Novice, and then, catching hold of him, either hugged him at the ropes, or forced him to go down to avoid.

41 and 42. The Novice, notwithstanding his punishment, came up gamely, and tried to make a change, but without avail, for Price, although blowing, was as strong as at the commencement, and comparatively scatheless. He delivered left and right at the head, both reaching their mark; the right again on the side of the ear, which staggered the Novice, who fell on to the ropes, and rosh was down from the force of his own blow.

43 and last. It was patent to every one that the Novice had no chance of winning, unless by snatching a verdict, and Price was too good a judge, having the game in his own hands, to throw away a chance. As the Novice came up staggering to oppose Price, the latter delivered right and left on the eye and nose of the Novice without a return, when the latter fell down from weakness in his corner. His seconds, finding he was nearly blind, and had no chance, threw up the sponge in token of his defeat, after fighting 54 min 14 sec. Price was led to his carriage with only a cut on the left cheek bone, and his ear on the same side slightly discolored. The Novice was totally blind a few minutes after the contest, and, during the ride to a cottage where he could be attended to, shed tears of mortification.

REMARKS.

The performance of Price in this battle took his backers and opponents by surprise, as he exhibited the greatest improvement ever witnessed in an old one, and stamps the performance of Mace with him as a first-class exhibition. At the commencement of the betting, and the Novice being made favorite, it was evident that the fact of Price's arm being broken, in his fight with Mace, had been entirely overlooked, and the line drawn through the last fight with Dan Crutchley, in which he did not shine as a luminary. However, this last easy victory has thoroughly reinstated him in the good opinion of his townsmen, and we are amongst those who think that, at no remote period, he will again be heard of to advantage. He trained strictly, and the only drawback to the satisfactory settlement of the affair was the refusal to pick a referee on the first day, which, no doubt, rose from the fact of his having to work so hard on Monday to get to his weight. The Novice did not by any means come up to the wishes and expectations of his party; but the fact of this being only his second appearance in the P. R., combined with his extreme youth, will fully account for most of the shortcomings. He took his beating like a man, and tried most gamely, in every round, to turn the tide of victory in his favor. He will, we hear, attend to his occupation for a couple of years or more, when his frame will have become fully developed, and his strength matured, which will enable him to get well to his weight, without, as in this instance, making him fall weak, almost to prostration, after some severe rounds had been fought. The ring was remarkably well kept by Commissary Giles and assistants. All parties arrived at the hardware village about nightfall, highly satisfied with their day out.

AQUATICS.

GREAT SCULLING MATCH ON THE TYNE,

BETWEEN

SCOTT AND CLASPER, FOR £50.

Matthew Scott, of the Felling, and Thomas Clasper, of Dunston, match on Saturday, Nov. 23d, to decide their superiority in aquatic skill. They are both, comparatively speaking, novices, and this was the first sculling match that either of them had ever taken part in. Clasper, some few years ago, displayed a considerable amount of skill in the handling of the scull, by the winning of the Junior Scullers' Race at the Newcastle and Gateshead Regatta, which he won. Among those defeated on that occasion were Cooper, J H Clasper, W Taylor, W Patterson, J Oliver, T Candlish, and two others; and at a more recent date he was one of the Clasper's Crew who defeated the Taylor's Crew, in a match for £50 a side, on the Tyne, and which terminated in favor of the Brothers Clasper. Scott, though almost entirely unknown to fame, has taken an oar in many a gallant local contest, but it was only last year that he came into repute. He formed one of the renowned Taylor's Crew that contested at the late London and Manchester Regattas, and won the Handicap Sculler's Race, when in receipt of sixteen lengths' start, from the present Champion of the Thames. They being both men of undaunted pluck and endurance, and strong, powerful young fellows, the match was looked forward to with an amount of interest seldom witnessed, both men going under a severe course of training, Scott being attended to by Cooper, and Clasper by his brother Harry. Scott was reported to have done wonders with Cooper, and, having had a week more training than Clasper, he speedily became the favorite at 5 and 6 to 4, and on the morning of the race 2 to 1 was freely laid on him. A quarter to eight was the time arranged for the men to be in their boats, but it was near 8:30 before they made their appearance, Clasper wearing a white Jersey, and Scott a la Tom Sayers, in a state of semi-nudity. The toss for stations was won by Clasper, who took the Newcastle side, his opponent being on the South side of the water. Without scarcely a moment's delay the men were off, both rowing desperately, Scott having about a couple of feet the advantage until they reached the Skinner's Burn, where Clasper began to show a trifle in advance. Here, however, great fears were entertained that a foul would occur, as Clasper, who was too near the shore, was rapidly approaching some rafts of timber that were moored at this point. His attention, however, being called to the fact, he, by swerving a little, cleared the timber, and they were off again at railway speed; and when off the Corporation "Midden," he was leading by half a clear length, which, at the Shot Factory, he had increased to a length. Here he ran foul of a wherry with his left scull, which brought him to a complete standstill. Scott, taking advantage of this mishap, made a desperate spurt, and was soon leading by half a length. Clasper, however, had again settled down to his work, and was speedily alongside, amidst the most deafening shouts of "Clasper wins!" Scott made several beautiful spurts, and drew himself up to Clasper whenever he obtained the most trifling advantge. At the head of the quay, Scott's bolt appeared to be shot, for he fell astern, and Tom was soon leading by a length, and on entering the "Annie Island," he was at least two lengths ahead, and it is believed that Scott would never have made another effort, as Nature seemed to be completely worn out, had it not been for Clasper, who rowed alongside of him, cheering him on, for he came with a desperate rush, and amidst a most exciting scene he was soon scull and scull with Clasper, who, in his turn, had evidently shot his bolt, for Scott rapidly passed him, and soon had a commanding lead, for at the Meadows House he was at least three clear lengths ahead. He thus kept increasing his lead, and passed through Scotswood-bridge about fifty yards first. The general impression was, that had Clasper had another week's preparation he could not have lost, his style being so much superior, both in reach forward and length of stroke. Mr. James Thompson was umpire for Scott, and Harry Clasper was umpire for his brother, Mr. Reed acting as referee. The winner rowed in a boat built by Jewitt, and Clasper in the "Hydraulic," the boat in which Waterson defeated Lumley last season.

ANOTHER RACE.—T. WILSON AND THOMAS MATFEN.—These below bridge men met on Monday, November 25, for the fifth time, to endeavor to settle the long pending dispute as to who was really the best man of the two. The first three matches rowed by them were in a class of boats similar to those called in London Watermen's skiffs, although considerably lighter in their construction, and Wilson won two out of the three events. When they last met they rowed in first class wager boats, when Matfen, who was leading by about three lengths, ran foul of a mooring chain and upset, and in consequence of that accident the present match was made. The betting was of the most spirited description, odds occasionally being laid on both men. Matfen, however, near the close, had the most numerous circle of admirers, and on the morning of the race 6 and 7 to 4 was laid on him. At eight o'clock A. M., the steamers, of which there were seven or eight, put from the shore, and the men, both stripped for the contest, were seen to emerge from the recesses of Carr's timber yard, and their frail barques having been got afloat, the men stepped into them and proceeded to take their preliminary pulls, the river at this juncture having more the appearance of the German Ocean in an angry mood than the placid, smiling surface of Old Father Tyne. During the short time the men were off, their boats had to be emptied of the water that had found its way over the lofty wash-boards that each man had provided for the occasion. Finding that it was utterly impossible for the men to row the match, the friends of the men had a consultation, and it was mutually agreed to postpone the match till the following day, Tuesday, Nov 26th. The men accordingly met at the time fixed, viz, nine o'clock, but on their reaching the scene of action not a steamer was visible, and the river was running down like a mill stream, the tide having risen about three feet above the average distance, and logs of timber, tree roots, turnips, and all sorts of things, were floating down the river in profuse quantities. A council of war was again held, when it was resolved that the boats should be carried up to Scotswood, and that the men should row down. This was accordingly done, and at half past ten o'clock the men appeared at the scratch, the river still running almost as fast as the Rapids of Niagara, the umpires, in the meantime, taking up their position in a couple of cabs on the Scotswood-road, and the referee in a four-oared cutter belonging to the Northern Rowing Club, an incident that perhaps never occurred before, and it is more than likely may never occur again. The men having drifted till near the mouth of the Derwent, they effected a pretty even start, and at it helter skelter down to Paradise Quay, where Wilson had a slight lead. They, however, in their anxiety to gain a position on the North of the Meadows kept too close, and Matfen, by an unlucky chance, fouled Wilson by rowing his boat's stern against Wilson's boat's quarter. The referee at once decided in favor of Wilson, and they were ordered to row on. The boats now separated, Wilson taking the South side, and rowing close by Jewett's at Dunstan, and Matfen going down on the North side, close by Armstrong's Ordnance Works, and when they emerged from the foot of the Meadows, Matfen was leading by about one hundred yards. Here, however, Wilson put on a fine spurt, and lessened the gap to about fifty yards, reaching the Skinner's Burn, where the race was fixed to terminate, in about twenty-five minutes. Notwithstanding that the race terminated so unsatisfactorily, everybody appeared to be satisfied with the decision. Mr. H Clasper was umpire for Matfen, and Mr J. Adams for Wilson; and Mr. R. Scott, Vice-President of the Northern Rowing Club, was referee. The winner rowed in his favorite boat, "The Champion of the Thames," the property of the Northern Rowing Club, of which he is a member; and Matfen rowed in a new boat built by Clasper, who trained him for the match. Wilson was looked after by Mr. Hall, boat builder.

MISCELLANEOUS.

PIGEON SHOOT.—On Monday, Nov. 25, Messrs. Simonds and Reynolds shot a match for £50, at twenty-four pigeons each, from three traps, twenty five yards rise, &c., at Hornsey Wood. Barber supplied the birds, and, as usual, required good shooting to bring them down; and good shooting the two gentlemen displayed. In the first ten, Mr. Simonds had six scored to him, and Mr. Reynolds brought down eight. Mr Simonds then pulled himself together, and brought down eight out of the next ten; Mr. Reynolds killed seven; the former gentleman having killed fourteen out of twenty, and Mr. Reynolds fifteen out of his score. Mr. Simonds then killed his next bird, and Mr. Reynolds missed; so they then stood fifteen each, with three left to let fly at. His twenty-second bird Mr. Simonds brought down as dead as a stone; but Mr. Reynolds' twenty second bird was a regular 'Deerfoot,' and "Gone away!" was the cry, and Mr. Simonds was thus one bird ahead. He killed his twenty-third bird, and so did Mr. Reynolds; the twenty fourth and last bird was then shot at—and missed—by Mr Simonds, so a chance was then left for his opponent to "tye," but he, missing it, left Mr. Simonds the winner by one bird. Score:—

Mr Simonds...1 0 1 1 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 0—killed 17.
Mr Reynolds..1 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 0 1 1 1 1 1 1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 0—killed 16.

After the above, the same brace of gentlemen had a match at twelve double rises each, which was won by Reynolds. Score:—

MR REYNOLDS.

11 10 11 10 10 11 11 00 10 00 00 11—killed 14.

MR SIMONDS.

11 01 00 10 10 11 10 11 00 00 01 01—killed 12.

SOMETHING LIKE SPORT.—The official return of the quantity of game and wild animals killed during the sporting seasons of 1860-1, in Bohemia and Moravia, give the following figures:—Stags, 1,610; deer, 2,609; roebucks, 10,695; wild boars, 547; pheasants, 47,133; grouse, 511; partridges, 759,112; other birds, 56,625; hares, 605,215; rabbits, 7,093; otters, 146; badgers, 227; wild cats and other beasts of prey, 83,640; birds of prey 268,078; forming a total of 1,843,021 head.

ANTLERS OF THE STAG.—There is no comparison, as regards size, to be made between the antlers of the present and of former centuries, so greatly inferior are those which we have to those which have been; and it is quite natural it should be so. Not only did the deer formerly reach a greater age, but they had better and more abundant pasturage than now, when the woods are cut down, and the land is highly cultivated. Abundance of nutritious food produces generally, antlers of large growth.

GARIBALDI IN SEARCH OF SALMON SPAWN.—At the yearly meeting of the proprietors of Salmon Fisheries on the Tay, held at Perth, Scotland, it was agreed to raise a sum by voluntary taxation, so as to restock the breeding boxes at Stormontfield; but although a good many applications were received from various individuals, one of them being the celebrated Garibaldi, through Mr. Balsi, the superintendent, to the proprietors, for salmon ova for artificial propagation, the meeting refused the whole of them. However, Garibaldi has been promised ova to stock the rivers of his island home from another quarter.

BILLIARDS AT OXFORD.—A match between W. Hinton, Marker at Bickerton's, and H Beechey, Marker at Russell's, for £10 a side and a silver cup, took place on Nov 25, at Mr. Russell's Subscription Room, which was crowded, and a great deal of speculation took place at evens. Hinton won the toss for the break, and began by giving a miss in baulk. Beechey succeeded in making 7 off it. Hinton then made 52 from his own break, and was thus 45 in advance. 2 to 1 offered on him freely, but no takers. Hinton still kept leading, and made the first 100, sixty in advance. The second 100 his number was decreased to 40. The third 100 Hinton was further reduced to 30. When the fourth 100 had been made, the marker called out 400 to 300 in favor of Hinton. In finishing the game (500) Hinton won by 115 points.

THE GREAT ARMY.—The great army of freemen now fighting for the integrity of the Union, is contributed to by the several States as follows—the second column showing the percentage of soldiers to the population of the several States; the third, the number of inhabitants to each soldier sent:—

States.	No. Sent.	Percentage.	Propt'n to Pop.
California	4 688	1.23 or 1 to	82 inhabitants
Connecticut	14 526	3.11 or 1 to	31
Delaware	2 775	2.47 or 1 to	40
Illinois	84 941	5.03 or 1 to	20
Indiana	62 018	4.52 or 1 to	22
Iowa	20 768	3.04 or 1 to	33
Kentucky	15 000	1.29 or 1 to	77
Maine	15 007	2.42 or 1 to	41
Maryland	7 000	0.96 or 1 to	105
Massachusetts	30 195	2.45 or 1 to	41
Michigan	29 331	3.90 or 1 to	26
Minnesota	4 160	2.41 or 1 to	42
Missouri	31 486	2.67 or 1 to	38
New Hampshire	10 379	3.18 or 1 to	31
New Jersey	12 420	1.84 or 1 to	54
New York	110 389	2.87 or 1 to	35
Ohio	91 441	3.84 or 1 to	25
Pennsylvania	113 959	3.89 or 1 to	26
Rhode Island	7 163	4.06 or 1 to	24
Vermont	8 790	2.78 or 1 to	36
Virginia	12 779	0.89 or 1 to	125
Wisconsin	14 946	1.94 or 1 to	51
Kansas	5,000	4.27 or 1 to	23

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Continued from Page 295.

The Hinkley and Brignoli Opera Troupe gave performances in Cleveland, Ohio, last week.

Nachman & Worley's company continue their attractive entertainments in Liberty Hall, Alexandria, Va. On Christmas eve they give a grand concert and ball.

Upton & Preston's Minstrels are in Salem, Mass., this week, opening on the 23d.

Mrs. Lord, wife of Mr. J. A. Lord, who was leading man at one of the theatres in St. Louis last season, but at present serving his country as a volunteer in the 26th Illinois Regiment, died a victim to fever, at Bird's Point, on the 14th. Like a true American wife she had followed her husband to camp, to share his dangers, and comfort him in trouble.

Florence Bell, whose absence from the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., is stated to have been caused by illness, has returned, and taken her place once more in the company.

Tom Thumb spends the holidays in Chicago.

Seneca, in St. Louis, writing under date of December 17, says:—The past week and the present, so far, have proved very good in the amusement line of business. Maggie Mitchell has drawn fair houses, and on Friday night had a packed house at her benefit, doing Waldoner's version of the German play, "The Cricket"..... Varieties Music Hall proves a success so far; the receipts for the past week having been $2 955; as well as any hall in your city has done, I think, and at the prices of admission—ten and twenty cents—an enormous business. The present corps of actors, singers, and dancers, would do credit to any hall in the country, and the orchestra is superb. Bayce, Purdey, and Corcoran, in their various roles of Negro business, have no superiors. Barry and Slocum, buffo, and baritone singers, are not unknown to fame, while Colin Morley and Julia Barton are as good concert room singers as the country can produce. Tom Cony is good in everything, and Kate Warwick is an actress of acknowledged beauty and ability. The dancers, Julia Hamilton, Md'lles Velarde and Juliett, dress, look, and dance well, while the rest of the ballet troupe have all the "development" that could be desired. Taken all round, the Varieties is a "big thing"..... The Melodeon is again doing a good business, the present great cards being La Belle Oceana, and the Conroy Brothers, athletes and gymnasts..... Bowery Concert Hall rejoices in a new "Negro delineaist," Mr. John Campbell, and is going on in the old way—good business..... Shade of Noah Webster arise, for hither comes a man, Anderson, who assumes the name of Ambidextrous-Prestidigitateur. Oh! maker of dictionaries! Can you lie quiet in your grave when men coin such words? You see we are to be digitateured out of our halves by both Herrmann, and the Wizard of the North.

Mr. Chanfrau is still at the Portland Theatre. Business is not very healthy.

The Octoroon is in its third week at the Boston Museum. It draws well.

At the Aquarial Gardens, Boston, a new feat is to be introduced this week; it is the driving of a whale in harness, attached to a barge in which the driver is seated. What next?

Herr Rosenkeld, an actor of the Copenhagen stage, died recently. He was 73 years of age at the time of his decease.

Herr Heinsich, a dramatic agent of repute, of Berlin, is reported to have died suddenly, a short time since.

A testimonial, amounting in subscriptions to nearly £2,000, is to be presented to Charles Kean, in London, early in the new year.

Mr. Wm. Hodgats, for four years leading actor at the theatre at Wednesbury, Eng., died on Nov. 22d, in the 35th year of his age. He was buried on the 27th. A wife and four small children, totally unprovided for, are left to mourn his loss. Alas! the poor player.

The "Corkonians" were disappointed in their expectations of seeing the Florences at that gay Irish town. The disappointment was made amends for, however, by the appearance of John Drew.

Gardner Coyne is still starring it at Dundee.

One of the brothers Pecioli, a new arrival in England, proposes to walk across the Thames, on his head, on a rope. What sort of a head must he have?

The Clevelanders are being catered for in the way of amusements, in a most attractive manner, by the excellent company now in its thirteenth week at Oberist's Varieties. Add Weaver, Lew Benedict, R. H. Collins, and Master Barney, do up the comic to perfection, while the ladies of the company, including Miss Cushman, Miss Victoria, Miss Kate Partington, who once delighted New York audiences, and Mrs. Add Weaver, add to the attractions of the place, and add to the receipts of the treasury amazingly. A new Christmas pantomime was in rehearsal.

This evening, Monday, December 23d, is set apart for the benefit of Mr. E. Bowers, at Messrs. Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Opera House, Boston. The programme is gotten up for the special purpose of exciting the risibles. Bowers gives the very important information of how to get your bills paid, in a song, while Neil Flaherty's Drake finds a representative in the person of Johnny Pell. "The Stranger" and "Macbeth" are also burlesqued by the following comical company:—E. Bowers, Lon Morris, J. C. Trowbridge, E. Kelley, Billy Morris, Johnny Pell, E. W. Prescott, and master Leon. We are in no wise surprised to learn that business is good at this palace of minstrelsy.

Another member of the profession has gone from the stage of life. Died, at Camp Ekwater, near Beverly, Va., on the 14th inst., Sergeant Major Wm. H. Silver, of the 2d Virginia Regiment. He emigrated from England at an early age, and resided in Pittsburgh for a number of years; he joined the Virginia Regiment when he ascertained that they would go into immediate service, and soon had his wish gratified, for he was in several skirmishes, and two decisive battles; but was suddenly stricken down by an attack of neuralgia of the spine; he lingered but a few days. His remains were sent to Pittsburgh for interment, which was done in a manner that attested the sincerity of his friends. Mr. Silver has been associated with several troupes of minstrels, and is said to have been one of the sweetest ballad singers of the day. Says a correspondent—"Those who have heard him sing the 'Wife's Dream,' with a melody and depth of pathos that few have attained, would believe that the same cause that prompted the 'wife to wish he were dead,' was also the reason of his being alienated from his home; yet his wife, forgetting, or rather forgiving the past, had his corpse brought to her house, and had an elegant coffin procured instead of the rough one in which the remains were brought home. He desired to be buried by the side of her son, and in vain did she implore the priest of her church to have his and her wish granted, but he not having lived in the faith of the Catholic Church, her entreaties were disregarded. She procured a lot in another cemetery, and there they buried him, and where now he sleeps as well."

Miss Sallie St. Clair was the recipient of a benefit at the theatre at Detroit, [illegible] on the 20th inst., "The Fairy of Home, or the Painter's Daughter," "The Hypochondriac" and "The Rollicking College Boy," [illegible]ing the bill of the play.

Our Cincinnati [illegible] from our correspondent [illegible]ritas," is down to Dec. 20, as follows:—FRIEND QUEEN—To s[illegible]mount of amusements served up in our city, you would no[illegible]ne that we had hard times here..... Miss Adah Isaacs M[illegible]ened at Wood's Theatre, Monday evening, Dec. 9th, in the "French Spy." Of course she called forth a large crowd. The business continued good till her benefit night, which was Friday, Dec. 13, when she produced the Scotch drama of "The Whistler," and the protean farce of "The Unprotected Female." Her agent, Mr. J. F. Wambold, made his first appearance, and gave the boys a banjo solo, and imitations of birds. Mr. Wambold has a beautiful voice, and great powers of imitation. His success was complete. He received three of the heartiest *encores* ever given in this city. Miss Menken has achieved a success which takes us back to the good old days when the drama was in its prime. Monday night she produced the "Three Fast Women," and before the curtain went up, placards were placed upon the doors informing the good public that there was not even standing room, and consequently no more tickets could be sold. The week so far has been a great success. To-night is her benefit—she does "The Soldier's Daughter," and "Lola Montez." Monday, Dec. 23d, Joseph Proctor appears..... At Pike's Opera House, Mr. C. Bass opened Dec. 9th, as Falstaff, in Henry IV. The legitimate does not pay here as well as it should—the houses look rather shy. Mr. B. has been greeted with larger audiences than any other star at this house, and his benefit was the best house of the season. Monday evening, Dec. 16th, was produced "Rob Roy," with Prof. Anderson, the Magician, as Rob Roy, and Mr. Bass as Bailey Jarvie. This evening, Miss Dora Shaw makes her first appearance in "Camille"..... Dan Rice is still at the National. His expenses must be remarkably low, or else Daniel is losing money; he has advertised his last week for the last three weeks, but each succeeding Sunday morning discovers large and brilliant bills announcing one more week. Last Friday, Dec. 13th, Dr. Thayer and Mr. H. F. Rossten had a joint benefit. Mr. James Robinson, the bareback rider, made his first appearance on the occasion, and John C. Heenan also came forth. The house was jammed.....

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EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!
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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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A TRIP TO LONDON BY SAIL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY ONE OF THE VICTIMS.
"A Life on the Ocean Wave!"

CONTINUED.

GOING UP THE THAMES.

We were now in the mouth of the Thames, with myriads of craft at anchor, waiting for fair winds. The brig that annoyed us so was but a short distance off, and we exchanged menaces by shaking our fists at them, and they at us. In going up the Thames for the first time, one half the scenery is sure to be missed, even if you have some one to point out the different places; for what little I saw to understand, my thanks are due to Hicks, the Steward, who, though a darkie, belonged to an English lodge of Odd Fellows; he had travelled very nearly the world over, was intellectual, gentlemanly, and knew his position. In nautical matters he appeared very well informed, and the captain paid great attention to his suggestions, frequently consulting him in critical parts of the channel. At South-End is a pier two and a half miles long. Further on, Tilbury Fort once stood, made historical by Queen Elizabeth heading her troops against the "invincible armada," under Philip, of Spain. Opposite Woolwich heavy cannonading was heard, and Chatham was known by a three-legged light-house directly off there. At Gravesend we took another tug, together with the Custom House officers—two strapping fellows evidently fond of their drams, attired in blue dress coat, vest, pants, and cap, "V. R." brass buttons and gold lace band with "customs" in front of the cap. Here the captain and cook were pulled ashore in a boat. The ship "Saldania," with 550 passengers, bound for Melrose, Australia, had our warmest sympathies in starting on their six months journey; a man-of-war, 24 guns, followed in her track. Purfleet takes its name from a singular incident; Queen Anne stood on this spot and witnessed the total destruction of her navy by the Danes, exclaiming, "Oh, my poor fleet! my poor fleet!" and hence its origin. Here are stationed several powder magazines in the water, bearing the warning, in old style letters: "No vessels to anchor within 50 fathoms." John Scott Russell's shipyard, near Blackwall, where the Great Eastern was built, is conspicuous from the showy offices facing the water's edge; when a vessel is about to be launched, there are hydraulic machines for conveying them to a proper place, and it must have been a novelty to see the Leviathan from stem to stern, being carried by a contrivance not one twentieth its own dimensions. Greenwich Hospital is a massive structure, known the world over as the home of the old pensioners who have lost an arm, a leg, or perhaps both, in fighting their country's battles. In the back ground stands the Observatory, from which the time is regulated, and astronomical and other observations taken; a stationary ship is fixed in the centre of the parade-ground for the use of the inmates, and many interesting objects are to be seen on going over the place. A monster marine hospital for sick seamen of all nations is stationed on the river, and from the number of invalids visible at the different windows, there is no doubt the hospital is well patronized. One of the Queen's yachts happened to be scudding along—the very pink of cleanliness, grace, and beauty—and ships for training young marines and middies were quite numerous. Altogether, there is much worth looking at in the river, but a more circuitous, zig zag piece of water it would be hard to scare up; if any one will take the trouble to look at a map of London, they can see this for themselves. To those fond of windmills, there is any quantity; to those who prefer dodging round corners, through shipping, with hardly room to get along, or gazing on black, muddy water, the Thames is just the thing. In some parts a stone can be thrown across easily, while no portion of it equals the noble Hudson. At low tide all its imperfections are shown plainly by the black, slimy ground below the water-mark, and old hulks lying high and dry on the banks. To be a thorough river-pilot it is necessary to have twenty years experience; and even with this, they always have hard work to get a ship through without some accident.

IN THE LONDON DOCKS.

On the afternoon of the 8th of October, we entered the London docks; when near enough, about a hundred runners and baggage smashers sprang on deck like a pack of hungry wolves. A dozen of them got around every passenger to protect (?) their baggage, and even wanted to select their lodgings; whenever a door was open, in they pitched by the score, and they had a lot of trunks on deck, whether you wanted it or not. A shawl was stolen to commence with, and the lady could get no satisfaction—there were no police, while the customs didn't care a fip about us. A more hangdog-looking set I never saw, while their oaths and filthy conversation were disgusting. In appearance, they were greasy and rank, with nothing redeemable in their character; beginning at the feet, all had turned up, square-toed, hob-nailed brogues, minus stockings, black corduroy pants slit up at the sides, waxy-looking monkey jackets of dubious odors, blue woolen shirts, a cheap colored "wipe" twisted clumsily around their bull necks, no signs of a collar, close-cut hair behind, with long shaggy side locks, a murderous face, the whole surmounted by a dirty slouched cap, so thick with filth that the seams are completely hidden—this is their "outside;" inwardly they must be equally foul. After this I never want to read anything about American runners; for whatever faults belong to them, they do keep clean and dress well; although *our* "sharks" go in for a good per centage, it is rare to find them nosing about the cabins for plunder, or stooping low enough to steal coats, shawls, or any little thing lying unguarded. After two hours progress through the ships in dock—with barely room to move, and our masts getting entangled every fifteen minutes with other masts—by means of ropes, at dusk we came to a halt after sending our jib-boom through the American Congress' cabin and damaging another alongside, so close are ships packed when waiting to load or unload. Many of the passengers had gone ashore for the night, but not having had our baggage examined, and being total strangers, the Italian and myself concluded to stay one night longer; two or three others were in the same fix, so we had company; the Fishman dare not leave, for his freight was so extensive it required watching—the old fellow had over a hundred different packages of all sizes, and completely filled up an extra room; he had expected to get through the customs, and they were all piled up on deck. Not expecting another night of it, we had all thrown our beds and bedding into the river; no lights being allowed, after pacing the deck until used up, we were compelled to turn into the rough board bunks, lock ourselves inside, and try to get a little rest; it was a little, and right glad we were when morning dawned, although it brought rain. The "gorillas" at daybreak came tumbling over the different ships till they found us out, seeking whom they might devour, and working their foul carcases into every open door, demanding the right of carrying boxes and trunks on deck to be ready for examination. I found it necessary to put aside civility and give them a selection from my "fire lingo," interspersed with a few "bloodys;" although every one wanted to be "on at their own price," the answers they received nearly tempted some of them to "punch my bloody head," to use their own words; they "couldn't make me out" at all, but it was very lucky they didn't go too far, or the little bull-dog I had might have barked effectively. By ten o'clock all the passengers and customs were on deck, and the officers proceeded to their business. The Fishman's menagerie was first overhauled, all the boxes uncovered, the packages undone, and a thorough search gone through, resulting in finding nothing contraband for their trouble, after two hours' work; the rest of us were now ordered to get our baggage on the main deck for similar treatment, but nothing was found liable to duty, although Mr. Saw expected to have to pay something on a sewing machine which had been in use a little. On coming to my name the inspector called his associates together to have a good look at me, saying, "I suppose they paid you the greatest attention, didn't they?" "Oh! yes, in a horn!" was my reply: (unless the "Q. C." changes his name I shall have to change mice, for in mentioning my title, every body adds, *not* the "Q. C." as witness Squire Field and Joey Jones); the overhauling of my box was a mere sham, for after opening it, all they asked was: "Any tobacco or cigars?" and without turning over a single thing, said it was all right. I am thus unable to state what there is a tax on, although it is generally understood that cloth or silk, unless cut up, unused machinery, English reprints, photographs when in quantity or for sale, fire-arms, diamonds, jewelry, tea, coffee, spirits, cigars or tobacco are liable, the two last being sharply looked after. The inquisition gone through, we next had to procure a pass from the first mate, then haul our boxes over two or three other ships, and await a conveyance. Sitting on our boxes, subject to the open mouthed gapers who eyed us with an inquisitive, empty stare, we had to wait two hours for a cartman; that individual found, (a red-headed specimen) he undertook to get our passes remade out in another room, and with half a dozen to assist, each expecting pay from us, he eventually got all in the cart; then we were directed to another office, where sixpence for each box is charged; this paid, the cartman got them all entered on one paper at a third place for his own convenience, and then drove along till he came to the dock gates, where the goods are looked over and counted before any one can pass; here again we were stopped for not having the name of the cart attached to the receipt, through Rufus' stupidity, and all the fuss had to be gone through over again; it was two hours before he re-appeared, and we gave him a little chin-music when he *did* come, for his long-eared judgment. We all eventually got out after paying the half dozen hangers-on, and rushed to the first porter-house for a little refreshment, not having tasted a morsel since Tuesday night, while it was now four o'clock P. M., Wednesday, the 9th of October. The way we ate and drank there—stout and buns, stout and pork-pie, stout and sandwiches, stout with bread and cheese—first one paying, then another, astonished the natives completely; with long fasting, the "stout" made us feel quite sociable, and after bidding each other farewell and prosperity, our fellow-travellers started one way, never more to be seen again by us, while the Italian and myself mounted the cart, gave the nag a twitch or two because the driver didn't, and drove off to—we didn't know exactly where, but eventually fetched up at a coffee-house near London Bridge, directly facing a railroad station, which Trebbs wished to be convenient to. The cartman got near a sov. from us, and having carried our trunks up stairs, we settled down to consider whether leaving New York, spending five weeks at sea, experiencing one of the greatest hurricanes ever known, living on "wooden soup" and "salt horse," (names for the biscuit and beef) and eventually arriving in London, was a dream or reality, hardly believing it to be anything but a vision.

FIRST NIGHT IN LONDON.

The impossibility of proper ablutions on the ship made it a matter of health and cleanliness to have a jolly good wash the very first thing on landing. Inquiring of the landlady as to a bath-house, we learned there was one a little distance off, called the "Spa Baths," and, first getting the card of our lodging-house, off we started to look for them. By inquiring of every policeman, we found them at last, after a walk of two miles or more in a very circuitous direction. The novelty, cleanliness, and beauty of the inside, however, soon reconciled us to our long walk, and after paying sixpence for the bath and a penny for soap, we were ushered by an attendant into separate rooms of the first class baths—the second class are only threepence, or six cents, for, remember the pence are double the value of American money, and as such should be understood in comparing the currency of the two countries. The room was some 300 feet in length, with baths each side the aisle, handsome chandeliers, and the marble floor clean enough to eat off. Outside the different compartments are three taps: hot, tepid, and cold, and the man in attendance regulates it to suit the person inside. While the water was running in, I took notice of the inside fixtures, which were of a high order and finish; the walls (probably marbleized iron) had the appearance of porcelain, were smooth as glass, and painted a faint lilac color, without an ornament or blemish of any kind; the bath partook of the same chaste hue, and a long flesh-brush, two towels, a raised board to stand on, a place to sit, and a looking-glass, were to be found in every separate room. In the luxury of a tepid bath I indulged for a good half hour, the allotted time, and came out feeling a hundred per cent. better. We then had another job to find our way back to the "Hand-in Hand," by Benjamin Price, Duke street, Fooley street, for such was the superscription on the card, but we did get there towards seven o'clock, and proceeded to change our dirty clothes for clean ones previous to getting supper. We dared not venture far for a dining-room, but went into the first decent looking place, had a beef-steak, a quart of stout, bread and butter each, for which we paid three and-six pence apiece, or seven shillings York—rather a good figure for a plain meal like that. Still everything was prime, and I never enjoyed such a beef steak in my life before. With a few cigars we whiled away an hour or two until bed-time, when we turned in with ideas all upside down, not having been used to the luxury of a bedstead for five weeks. Rather than go through another five weeks like those spent in the "second cabin steerage," I would live three months in the Tombs in preference any time. This I mean in reality—any place is better to exist in than a filthy ship that makes no distinction between pigs and passengers, and I intend doing all in my power to set those unprincipled scamps, the ticket-agents, in their right light. Whatever you do, avoid them; if you must cross the Atlantic, never do so except in a steamer—there they find everything except plate, knife, fork, etc., to eat with; all the rest is served up, whereas on a sailing vessel *it is not.* "A word to the wise is sufficient."

To be continued.

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NUMBER FORTY-ONE.

BARRY SULLIVAN.

BORN in Dublin, Ireland, in 1824. Made his London *debut*, at the Haymarket, in Feb., 1852, where he fulfilled a highly successful engagement. Made his *debut* on the American stage November 22nd, 1858, at the Broadway Theatre, N. Y., as Hamlet. First appeared in Philadelphia, at the Walnut Street Theatre. This extraordinary actor burst all at once upon the American stage, and he has been allowed (by men who were supposed to be of profound judgment) to possess many of the chief requisities for forming a perfect actor. In respect to the characters in which he has appeared, some of them (as rendered by him) do not present a sufficient degree of *verisimilitude*. An actor may delineate the light, airy conversation of comedy, without any solid acquirements; but the assumption of Shakespeare's serious heros requires a man of some erudition, and of a studious turn of mind, together with a most consummate knowledge of the passions, in order to depict a Macbeth, a Richard, or a Hamlet. In these I certainly think that he does not stand very high. As Hamlet I admit he is perfectly original in his conception and developement of the character; the soliloquies were well delivered, and the manner in which his interview with Ophelia was conducted was very clever. This curious and difficult scene is not generally understood, and most actors strive after some novelty of stage-trick in his illustration, of which the meaning is seldom clear. Mr. S., invests it with a beauty and a tenderness that is rare indeed, and for the usual violence substitutes a juvenile buoyancy, and an irresistible pathos that gives the situation an interest that truly belongs to it, though seldom realized. In the first two acts he gives all the passages with a clearness of enunciation and emphatic accuracy that casts over his delineation of the melancholy prince a sort of classic stateliness that makes one forget the sorrow under which he should labor, in the evident spite he bears to mankind, and the King in particular. His first sight of the Ghost, the start and action, are most excellent, from the fact of their originality. Mr. Sullivan's peculiar *forte* is illustrating the doubtful passages of Hamlet by action. Many of our readers are not probably conversant with the old editions of this play; hence much of Mr. Sullivan's business and reading may be considered as deviating from the text. In a few instances, however, they are deviations, and although I do not wish to be hypercritical, I will allude to a few of them: In that beautiful sentence commencing with

"That this goodly frame, the earth," &c.,

he reads this line:

"What is this quintessence of dust?

thus:—

"What is this quintessence? Dust!"

leaving out the word "of," to make it a question to be answered.

I will simply allude to one other:

"I am but mad—north, north—east, when the wind is southerly.
I know a hawk from a hernshaw."

Many of our Hamlets contrast the hawk with hand-saw; but Mr. Sullivan destroys the rhythm, as well as the sense, by reading it thus:

"I know a hawk from a horn—pshaw!"

This is absolute nonsense, and I am really surprised that a gentleman of his reading should resort to such means to make a point pointless.

Mr. Sullivan overshoots the mark when he tries to correct Shakspeare. He may excite wonder by the boldness of his readings, and may attract applause from those who think over-acting and extravagance are true accompaniments to genius. But acting which is not carried out in a sympathetic spirit, which distorts passion and makes its sole aim the creation of astonishment in an audience, is not the divine emanation of art, but rather an exhibition of wordy gymnastics. It is too late for any one to attack the memory of the delineators of Garrick, Kemble, Kean, and Booth, by giving us a bran-new Hamlet, made up by himself, and adorned with ornamental histrionic frippery designed in bad taste. The language of nature is the same in all ages and with all true artists. It excites an audience, and carries the feelings along; but it cannot do so unless it is natural. Hence, Mr. Sullivan, who accompanies every phrase with a gesture, and every three or four sentences by a charge of bodily position, is a mechanical actor, and not a delineator of the emotions of the soul.

Mr. Sullivan's death scene in the "Gamester" is one of the most harrowingly true and minute pictures of death by poison that was ever portrayed. So entirely original on the stage because so true; no stage agonies, but real ones that rend in spasms the soul forth from the tortured body. Then rays of ineffable tenderness and calm foretastes of the mercy above, when love and memory came with its holy and peaceful passion over him. It is a fearful, wonderful picture, one that wrings the heart while it harrows the imagination.

The great character of "Lear," in the hands of Mr. Sullivan, is weak, feeble; he strives to invest it with power and strength, but its high and towering storm of passion is beyond his reach, and he is lost in the whirlwind his feeble efforts only tend to render more ungovernable. Fifty artists may impersonate "Lear," but few will impress upon such impersonation the seal of greatness. The delivery of the curse is always the cue for a critic's opinion of an artist's merit. Perhaps in the whole range of the drama there is not to be found a more appalling one than that which he bestows on Goneril. Taking this, then, as my cue to Mr Sullivan's ability to personate the character, I feel compelled to say that neither the curse or the general rendition of the part ever at any one time soared above mediocrity.

The excellencies and defects of this artist are very apparent in the character of "Macbeth." The first interview between Macbeth and his wife was finely done. The attitudes, whispering conversation, and resolution to commit the murder, he presents in a startling and effective manner. So, too, the soliloquy, "If it were done," &c., barring the excess of action, was very cleverly and impressively spoken, with good emphasis, and a clear and able interpretation. The succeeding interview with Lady Macbeth was equally excellent, both in manner and in reading. The boldness of the determined wife, the doubts, fears, repentance, and reinspired resolution of the Thane, were finely expressed. This is one of the best scenes in the tragedy.

In the third act, the dagger scene was well rendered. He here exercises the most fertile of his expedients to present something new. After dismissing Seyton, he approaches the door of the King's chamber, slowly, stealthily, and seemingly unwillingly. He is about to enter; a flash of lightning from within frightens him, and he first observes the air-drawn dagger. He starts, reels to the back of the apartment, and, leaning against the door-post of the great arch, bending down, fearful, scarcely daring to lift his eyes, he begins the soliloquy:

"Is this a dagger I see before me?"

Gradually he comes forward, his gaze upon the imaginary weapon, which, as he keeps his eye upon it, seems inclining towards the door of the King's chamber. Mr. Sullivan's acting here is very fine.

In the banquet scene, he introduces what is not new business, but what was long ago tried and found wanting. The ghost of Banquo, in the person of the player who performed the living character, he excludes. Shakspeare, who probably understood Macbeth as well as Barry Sullivan, directs the appearance of a ghost in this scene. It is found in the stage directions of the earliest folios.

His Othello is not a weak performance, though, like Lear, exceptionable. He has certainly given the character imperfect study. He is not a sufficiently loving Othello, or as intensely enangered as the character; he cools too suddenly, very often.

In portions of his portraiture of Richilieu, he was most excellent. The assumed feebleness of the old fox was truly artistic, and when it was thrown off, his bursts of passionate declamation were most finished. He imparted an interest to the part which few foreign artists have ever given to it; and although he occasionally misses a note which musicals the poetry of the character, I overlook the discord for the sake of the numerous harmonicus ones running through his whole delineation.

His "Don Cæsar De Bazan" is one of the best performances ever seen on the American stage.

Mr. Sullivan's figure is not graceful. He stands too much with his knees bent outward, and he walks in a dragging manner, pulling one leg after the other.

He possesses an expressive face, and a well modulated voice; but he lacks that great requisite, emotion, and is often too theatrical. Now, these faults are fatal, particularly to tragic delineations. The only way of arriving at a just estimate of any conception, is to take it as a whole, and taking Mr. Sullivan's Hamlet, Benedict, Macbeth, and Overreach, the picture presented in each character is not complete. It may possess glorious parts—it may be admirable in certain respects—the general detail may be highly artistic—but, if the proper feeling, with power to portray it, is wanting, if the action is exaggerated, the unity is destroyed, and the critical mind is pained. The actor who does not feel his utterance, who is often theatrical, cannot be classed with the geniuses of the stage. New business and novel readings do not always fill us with admiration, however they may please and take captive others. Mr. Sullivan may task his ingenuity to the utmost in any of the tricks of the profession, yet we shall exercise our judgment, and the result at which we arrive is, that he is a painstaking and brilliant actor. He pursues, to the best of his ability, the task before him, and he is often successful in giving scholarly and satisfactory renditions. That he is not great—that he does not astonish, must be attributed to lack of emotion, and want of physical power.

During his stay in this country, he was the cause of a great deal of trouble and ill feeling; during his engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, and on the evening of October 15th, Mr. Sullivan came very near experiencing one of those receptions which Mr. Macready and Edmund Kean received at the hands of an insulted American public. The circumstance is as follows:—The play of the evening was "Richard the Third," and in the dying scene, (after having been killed) he raised himself up and spat at Richmond, (Mr H A Perry). It having become known to the public that Mr. Sullivan was a very irritable man, and had the ill will of nearly every member of the company, it was supposed that this spitting was an insult to Mr. Perry. Accordingly, as soon as the curtain had descended, loud calls, mingled with hisses and groans, were made for Mr. S. This was kept up for some time; at last the stage manager made his appearance, and stated that Mr. Sullivan had retired to his dressing-room, and was disrobing himself preparatory to leaving the theatre. During this, a slight hissing was kept up, but the audience would not be satisfied; and the cheers, hissing, and groaning continued until, finally, Mr Sullivan appeared, and he was received with a general outburst of applause and disapprobation. He made a slight speech, in reference to the "call," and the manifestations of disapprobation, apologising for keeping the audience waiting and not having answered their call at once. Shortly after this, quite a controversy took place through the columns of this paper in regard to the insult offered Mr. Perry, in which Mr. S. stated that it belonged to the business of Richard. Although this was received as satisfactory, yet the next visit of Mr. Sullivan to Philadelphia was not so successful in a pecuniary way, as his former one.

During the summer of 1860, he sailed for England, and opened at the St. James' Theatre, Liverpool, and notwithstanding he published (very extensively) the opinions of the American press, the receipts on no night amounted to a large figure.

At present playing in England. [Next week Miss Charlotte Thompson and Lysander Thompson.]

THE GAME OF CHESS.

THE KOLISCH PAULSEN MATCH.—The struggle is, at last, ended. However complacently the *amour propre* of either contestant may cause them to look upon the indecisive decision, it is unsatisfactory to all the world besides. The shirking policy of close games, so pertinaciously adhered to by Herr Kolisch, after the first few games, has completely nullified the pleasure to have been expected alike from witnessing the contests, or re-contesting the mimic fray; as well as the culminating *eclat* arising from victory to one or the other of the struggling athletes. In such an even battle a little must suffice to turn the scale, and that little, in two important particulars, is clearly on the side of our own champion. First, one clear victory ahead; and secondly, his patience, skill and success in chivalrously pitting free, open games, with the manly daring of conscious superiority, against the persistent dodging behind the breastwork of close games by the Hungarian.

GAME NO. 308.

Of all the games lost by Mr. Leonard in his numerous "blindfold" achievements, the following, in the Brooklyn match, Nov 30th, with five others at the same time, is one of the best contested.

KING'S BISHOP'S OPENING.

Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Meyers.	Attack, Leonard.	Defence, Meyers.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..K to his R sq	Kt to Q B 3
2..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	15..Q B–Q 2	Q Kt–K 2
3..P–Q 4	B×Q P	16..K R–B sq	P–Q B 4
4..K Kt–B 3	Q–K B 3	17..Q–K 2	Castles, K R
5..Castles	P–K R 3	18..Q Kt–R 3	P–Q Kt 3
6..K Kt×B	K P×Kt	19..Q R–K sq	K–his B sq
7..P–K 5	Q–K Kt 3	20..P–Q B 4	P–Q R 3
8..P–K B 4	K Kt–K 2	21. K R–B 2	Kt–Q B 3
9..P–K B 5	Kt×B P	22. Q R–K B sq	Q R–Q sq
10..K P–Q 3	P–Q 3	23 P–K R 4	P–Q 6
11..P–K Kt 4	Q P×K P	24..P–K R 5	Q P×Q
12. K B×Kt	Q B×B	25..R P×Q	P×R (Q)+,
13..K R×B	P–K B 3		and Mr. Leonard resigns.

The twenty-fifth *partie* of the Kolisch-Paulsen struggle.

IRREGULAR OPENING

Paulsen.	Kolisch.	Paulsen.	Kolisch.
1..P to Q 4	P to K 3	9..Q Kt to Q 2	Q to K 2
2..K Kt–B 3	P–Q 4	10..K Kt–K 5	Q R–Q sq (a)
3..P–K 3	K B Q 3	11..Q–K 2	K Kt–K 5
4..K B–Q 3	K Kt–B 3	12..P–K B 4	P–K B 4
5..Castles	Castles	13..Q Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3
6..P–Q B 4	P–Q Kt 3	14..Q R–B sq	Q–K sq
7..P–Q Kt 3	Q B–Kt 2	15..Q Kt–K sq	P–Q B 4
8..Q B–Kt 2	Q K–Q 2	16..Q R–B 2	Q R–B sq, and
		the *partie* was abandoned as drawn (b)	

(a) In positions of this nature experience teaches that Q B sq is the most eligible situation for this R; such idea being corroborated, rather than otherwise, from the necessity which the Defence shortly finds of playing his Rook there after all.

(b) A drawn game without loss of pawn or piece on either side, is indeed a novelty. Had play continued, however, to any length, no other result could reasonably be anticipated.—*Stanley.*

The twenty-sixth, and last won, *partie* of the same match.

GIUOCO PIANO

Kolisch.	Paulsen.	Kolisch.	Paulsen.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	18..K Kt×Kt	Q P×Kt
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	19..Q Kt–Q 5	Q B×Kt
3..K B–B 4	K B–B 4	20..K P×B	K R–Kt 4
4..Castles	K Kt–B 3	21..Q–K 2	Q R–K Kt sq
5..P–Q 3	P–Q 3	22..P–K Kt 3	Q–K R 3
6..Q B–Kt 5	Q Kt–K 2 (e)	23..R–K Kt sq	K R–his 4
7..P–Q 4 (d)	K P×P	24..K R–K 2	K B–Q 3
8..Q B×Kt	Kt P×B	25..Q R–K Kt sq	B 2d P×P
9..K Kt×P	Castles	26..B P×P	P–K B 4
10..Q K–B 3	P–K B 4	27..P–Q B 4	P–K 5
11..K–his R sq	P–B 5 (c)	28..B–Q Kt sq (f)	Q R–Kt 2
12..K Kt–K 2	Q Kt–Kt 3	29..P–Q R 3	P–Q R 4
13..Q–her 2	Q B–K 3	30..B–Q B 2	P–Q Kt 3
14..K B–Q 3	Q–K B 3	31..B–Q R 4	K R–Kt 4
15..K Kt–home	K–his R sq	32 Q–K sq	Q–K R 6
16..Q R–K sq	R–K Kt sq	33..Q–K B 2	P–K B 5
17..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–K 4	34..Kt P×P (g)	K R×R, and
		Herr Kolisch resigned.	

(c) Thus allowing his opponent the opportunity of doubling a P at K B 3d; a measure perhaps justified considering the attack obtainable from the opening of K Kt's file for the action of K R.

(d) With all due deference to Herr Kolisch's superior skill, we should have preferred taking Kt with B at once, and continued with Q Kt to B 3d, &c.

(e) Paulsen's conduct of the game throughout the very complicated position hence ensuing, is beyond all praise. We are inclined to think that the game before us will present as fine a specimen of chess strategy as any other occurring, so far, in the pending match.

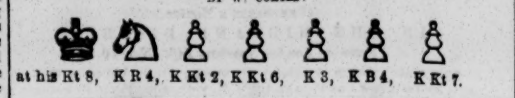
(f) We cannot but think that Herr Kolisch loses valuable time in this instance, and that B to B 2d, at once, would have been far better play.

(g) B to Q sq might have served to prolong the contest; but under any circumstances Kolisch's game has been for some time quite hopeless.

ENIGMA No. 308.

From the Manchester Eng. Express.

BY W. COATES.

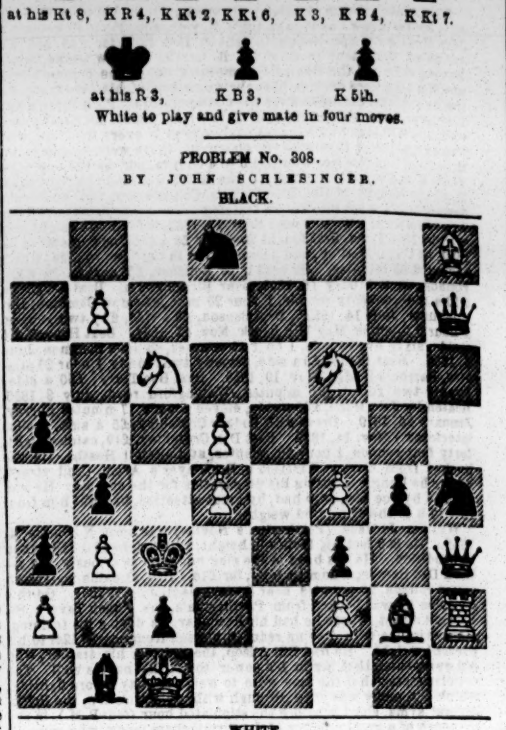


White to play and give mate in four moves.

PROBLEM No. 308.

BY JOHN SCHLESINGER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in three moves: also,
White to play and compel Black to give mate in two moves.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S.

☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 ANN street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ACCEPTANCE, Franklin, N. Y.—Registered.

BLYTHE, Middleport, N. J.—Go ahead.

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY, Painesville, Vt.—Nothing from your Canadian opponent, as yet.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Have you received a note from "this house?"

☞ Will our Troy and Lansingburgh correspondents please to "wait a little longer." We shall "come to them soon."

☞ Owing to an apparent error in the usual position we have inserted the numbered board in its place for the instruction of beginners.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 36.—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND.

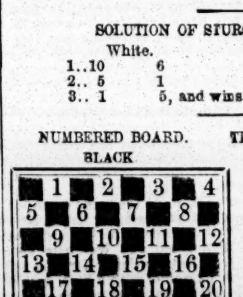
Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..31	26	2	6	3..5	9	14	5
2..26	22	6	1	4..15	10, and wins.		

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 55th POSITION.

White.		Black.	
1..10	6	23	14
2..5	1	2	9
3..1	5, and wins.		

NUMBERED BOARD.

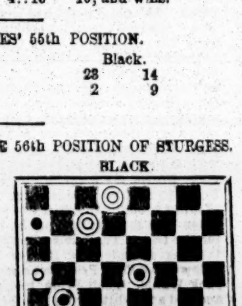
BLACK



WHITE.

THE 56th POSITION OF STURGESS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
13..15	24	28	19
14..14	18		

BETWEEN MARY B. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
12..16	19	15	11
13.. 6	10		

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

GAME BETWEEN GREENHORN AND P. W.

SINGLE CORNER.

Black. Greenhorn.		White. P. W.		Black. Greenhorn.		White. P. W.	
1..11	15	22	18	5.. 9	13(a)	24	19
2..15	22	25	18	6.. 6	9	28	24
3.. 8	11	29	25	7..10	14	24	20
4.. 4	8	25	22	8.. 7	10	27	24

White wins.

(a) Leaves the Books.

GAME BETWEEN LE DIABLE AND AMERICA.

OLD FOURTEENTH.

Same as variation 2 of the Old Fourteenth in Anderson's Second edition.

GAME BETWEEN PATRICIUS AND ON THE SQUARE.

BUFFALO.

Black. Patricius.		White. On the Square.		Black. Patricius.		White. On the Square.	
1..11	15	22	17	9.. 2	9	26	22
2.. 8	19	23	19	10.. 9	18(b)	20	16
3.. 9	14	17	13	11..11	20	22	17
4.. 4	8	26	23	12..18	22	21	17
5..15	18	24	20	13..14	21	23	14
6..11	15	28	24	14..10	17	25	2
7.. 8	11	31	26	15.. 5	9(c)	32	28
8.. 6	9(a)	18	6	White wins.			

(a) This brings it into a well known position on the Old Fourteenth.

(b) 9 to 13 loses; 1 to 6 draws.

(c) Leaves the books.

GAME BETWEEN MACBETH AND CLYDE.

BRISTOL.

Black. Macbeth.		White. Clyde.		Black. Macbeth.		White. Clyde.	
1..11	16	22	18	7.. 4	8	25	22
2.. 8	11	18	14 (a)	8.. 6	9	14	10
3.. 9	18	23	14	9.. 7	14	22	18
4..10	17	21	14	10..15	22	26	10
5..11	15	25	21	11..19	23	27	18
6..16	19	29	25	12.. 8	11	and Clyde never	

replied, although (I think) the position is a draw.

(a) Leaves the books.

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BEING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

NUMBER FIFTY-EIGHT.

ENGLAND AND IRELAND.

THE SECOND GREAT PRIZE RING ENCOUNTER,

BETWEEN

TOM SPRING, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND,

AND

JACK LANGAN, THE IRISH PUGILIST.

The second great match between Jack Langan and Tom Spring, was decided on Tuesday, June 8, 1824, contiguous to Man-Wood, close to Birdham Bridge, within three miles of Chichester, and 66 miles from the Metropolis. This match was for one thousand sovereigns.

Chichester was overflowing with company as soon as it was known to be the right scent. Amongst the gay company which arrived at the Swan Hotel in the course of Monday, was the celebrated Corinthian Tom, (Mr. Wrench,) his friend Bob Logic having arrived a few hours before him. In excellent spirits and health, Spring, with his backer, Mr. Sant, also reached the above hotel about eight o'clock in the evening, and were received with three loud cheers. Colonel O'Neil, Langan, Belcher, &c., arrived nearly at the same time at the Dolphin Hotel, and were equally well received by the populace. Dabs were now in high request, and the downy ones were not to be had by the commoners. Snoozing was out of the question; to obtain a few winks was a treat: the arrival of carriages, the noise of the tinklers, and the calls for the dab covess throughout the darkey, if it did not put the flats fly, it made them wake; yet still they had a good price to pay for it.

Early on Tuesday morning the bustle of the scene increased; and the whole town was as lively and gay as Bond Street. The stages from London, Portsmouth, Brighton, &c., brought lots of customers; and the swells came galloping in as fast as four tits could get them over the ground. Single horse chaises, carts, wagons, and vehicles of every description. It was a new feature to the peaceful inhabitants of Chichester altogether; they were all abroad with surprise; and the mugs of the yokels exhibited gape-seed enough to have filled a corn-chandler's shop. The morning passed off quickly till it was time to start for the field of battle.

The stage was built securely, according to the articles, and said to be well adapted for the purpose: an outer roped ring was formed at some distance, behind which the spectators on foot were placed; and the whole was surrounded by numerous wagons, forming an amphitheatre. Two small stands were erected for the accommodation of the tip-top persons of society, and every individual witnessed the fight with as much ease as sitting in their own dwellings.

A few minutes before one o'clock, Spring, arm in arm with his backer and a baronet, made his way through the crowd towards the stage, and was received with loud huzzas: Cribb and Painter close behind him. Spring threw up his hat, which alighted upon the stage; he then ascended the ladder, and jumped over the rails.

Langan immediately followed, under the patronage of Col. O'Neil: Langan was also cheered. Belcher, Harmer and O'Neil his bottle-holder, were in attendance. The Irish Champion ascended the stage, and in a very modest manner dropped his hat upon the stage. He was perfectly prepared for action; but the Champion not being ready, he walked up and down the boards with the utmost composure.

A black silk handkerchief was placed loosely round Langan's neck, which we understand was tied by the delicate hands of the lady of a gallant Irish Colonel O'B——, before he left the inn, at which the lady stopped on her journey to the Isle of Wight. Mrs. O'B—— offered him a green handkerchief, as a token of his country; but Langan politely refused, saying, "I am not of importance enough to make it a national affair: I do not wish it, indeed, Madam: it is merely to decide which is the best man; therefore, if you please, I prefer a black one, having fought under that color." Mrs. O'B——, on tying it round his neck, romantically exclaimed, "You are Irish: color is immaterial to a brave man: glory is your only object. Go, then, and conquer!" Langan returned thanks very politely for the attention paid to him, and the good wishes of the lady. Every thing being ready, the colors, dark blue with a bird's eye for Spring, and black for Langan, were tied to the stage, and Mr. Jackson arranged the spectators round the ring in an orderly and comfortable manner: the battle commenced. Betting 2 to 1, and 5 to 2.

Round 1. Spring, to our peepers, never looked so big, nor so well, in any of his previous contests, as he did at the present period; and an experienced sporting gentleman well known in the P. R., as a backer, offered to bet that he was nearly a stone and a half heavier than his opponent. He also appeared perfectly at his ease: coolness sat upon his brow and his deportment altogether was a fine personification of confidence; indeed, to use the expression of a Corinthian Sprig of Fashion, related to one of the Mansions of the Arabian Nights' quality for riches and grandeur, "There is something about the person of the Champion, if not truly Noble, yet manly and elegant." Langan, also, looked well; his face exhibited a tinge of the sun, and his frame was robust and hardy. His loins appeared smaller than in his former contest. His countenance was equally as pleasant and placid as his opponent's; his ogles sparkled with fire and animation, and in his mind he seemed to say—

> Thy gallant bearing, Tom, I could applaud;
> But the name of Champion I must wear,
> Or perish in the attempt.

Previous to setting-to, Langan went up to Spring, opening his drawers, and observed, "See, Tom, I have no belt about me; the Champion immediately followed his example, and said (also opening his drawers) "Nor I neither, Jack!" This circumstance produced great applause from all parts of the ring. "Well done, Langan; bravo, Spring!" Spring now shook his brave opponent by the hand. Cribb laid hold of Tom Belcher's mauley; and Ned Painter shook O'Neal's (the new Long One, untried Patlander) bunch of fives with manliness and friendship. The men placed themselves in attitudes. The glorious moment had now arrived; and the seconds, in strict compliance with the articles, retired to the four corners of the stage. Quite different from the battle at Worcester, Langan stood up within the reach of his adversary, and it was pleasing to witness the activity displayed by the combatants, both prepared, moving over the stage to obtain the first hit. A stand still, steadfastly looking at the eyes of each other; at length Langan made an offer, which Spring stopped well. The Champion made a hit, which told slightly on Langan's nob: the latter fought his way into a close, in which Spring endeavored to illustrate "a bit of good truth," by fibbing his antagonist. Here the struggle began for the throw—it was desperate; the art of wrestling was not resorted to by either of the boxers; and main strength was the trial. Langan separated from the arms of Spring, and a stand still was the result. Langan observed, "First blood, Tom;" which slightly appeared at the corner of Spring's mouth. The Irish Champion made a good stop, but he was blowing a little. Spring planted another facer, when Langan fought his way into a close: a desperate struggle ensued: telling the truth and fibbing was again the scene of controversy, when Langan went down on his knees. Spring patted the Irish Champion on the back with the utmost good humor, as much as to say, "You are a brave fellow." (Handfuls of applause. A thundering report of approbation, and "Well done, Spring!") Four minutes and a few seconds. The Referee, on being asked who drew the first blood, replied, "He did not see any on Spring; but he saw a little on the left cheek of Langan, just under his eye."

2. The spectators were completely satisfied that Langan must have possessed more than ordinary confidence on looking at the disparity of the men, when in attitudes, opposed to each other. Spring stood over the Irish Champion with the utmost ease. Langan made play; but Spring, with the nimbleness of a harlequin, showed the utility of a quick step. The Irish Champion made a rush, when they were again entangled for a short time, pulling each other all to pieces, until Langan broke away. A stand still: breath wanting: and consideration necessary. Langan gave Spring a severe facer with his right hand, and he tried to repeat the dose; another harlequin movement prevented it, Spring smiling. A little bit of in-fighting: a desperate struggle for the throw: downright strength, when Spring went down, Langan falling heavily upon him. Bravo! Langan! you are a broth of a boy.

3 The attitudes of the combatants were highly interesting, and both extremely cautious. Spring got away from a rum one that was intended for his nob. The science displayed on both sides was so excellent in stopping the efforts of each other, that in the ecstacy of the moment the great Commander in-Chief loudly exclaimed, "beautiful!" Another skilful stop was made by Spring; and one also by Langan. "Well done: good on both sides," observed Mr Jackson. Langan planted a hit. A pause. "Fight, Langan," from Belcher: "you have all the best of it." Spring drove Langan to the corner, but the hero of the black fogle got out of his danger in style. He made also an excellent stop while on the retreat. Langan made himself up to do mischief; and Spring received loud applause in stopping a tremendous hit. The Champion also bobbed his nob aside in the Dutch Sam style from a sickener that might have proved; a floorer to a certainty it must have been, had the blow arrived at its intended destination. The Champion also made another good bob, (applause,) worth to him, perhaps, £500. Spring now took the lead famously. He planted a conker without any return; repeated the dose, and also administered a third pill without charging a half-penny for his exertions. "How cheap!" said a Sheeny. "O, my nose," observed a flash cove. "It's bothered his snuff shop," cried a smoke-a-pike blade. Langan again got out of the corner like a trump. A short stand still. Heavy counter hits. "Very nasty, Mr. Broad-day, for both of their tell-tales, I should think," was the remark from a sly chap belonging to the Partiality Club, and a disciple of the Sage of the East. A pause. Spring made another facer. A stand still. The Champion stopped well, and also drove Langan into the corner; but the Hero of the Black Wipe would not be detained; he fought his way out manfully; and, in closing, the struggle was terrible, but Spring obtained the throw. (Loud applause.) This round occupied nearly seven minutes. The left hand of Spring was going, if not gone.

4 The 'good bit of stuff from ould Ireland" endeavored to take the lead, and had the best of this round: for why? Because he fought first. He planted one or two hits, and not light ones neither, and would have kept it up to the end of the chapter; but Spring said it wouldn't do," and stopped him. In fact, this was a well contested round on both sides; but Langan, after a terrible try for it, got Spring down. (Applause.)

5 The left ear of Langan exhibited strong symptoms of pepper; he was also piping very much; and his want of condition was visible to every judge of milling. The superior science of Spring enabled him to get away from a number of heavy blows. Langan followed his opponent, trying to do something. Two counter hits, which reminded both of the men they were milling; the claret ran from Spring's nose. Spring planted a facer: and after a most determined struggle on both sides, as Langan was going down, the Champion very cleverly hit him a hard blow on the nose. "That's the way, Spring, you'll soon win it."

6 A stand-till for a short time; Spring always taking his time to do his work. Counter-hits that were nothing to any body, and a little too much for the combatants. Such Scarlet remembrancers in the courts of law would have put an end to a long yarn much sooner than a nod from the Big Wig, with all his power. Langan began to sniff; indeed, Spring had given him a little claret: but the Hero of the Black Fogle was equally as generous whenever he had an opportunity of serving the Champion in his turn. Both down, but Spring uppermost.

7. This was a prime milling round. Lanagan stopped well. Counter-hits, and good ones. The stopping on both sides was truly excellent, and obtained loud applause. "Be ready, my boy," said Belcher, "fight first; he can't hurt you!"—"Walker," replied Tom Cribb, "gammon him to that if you can." Langan followed the advice of his able second, and put a tremendous hit under Spring's left ogle. The Irish Champion tried to repeat it, but it was "no go." A pause. Spring planted a facer. Langan got away from another intended for him. The left hand of Spring told well on his opponent's body: he also planted three facers without any return. Counter-hits, of no consequence to any persons but the owners; and far from being welcome to either Spring or Langan. The Hero of the Black Fogle with his left hand touched Spring's body. A stand still. 'Keep up your head, Langan." Spring followed his opponent, administering pepper, and Langan's face clareted. Langan endeavored to put in a heavy blow, but the harlequin step of Spring would not have it. Langan rapped two or three hits in succession; in fact, he was quite groggy; but nevertheless he fought like a man, and was mischievous, and gave Spring a nobber. In closing, Spring could not throw him, when they separated. In closing again, after another struggle, Langan received a topper as he was staggering and going down. (Great applause.) "It won't last long—5 to 2 and 3 to 1. Spring will win it in a few rounds;" the backers of the Champion were smiling, and said "It is all right."

8 Belcher got his man up very heavily; but on his being placed at the scratch, he showed fight and got away from a hit. However Spring had decidedly the best of the round and Langan was thrown. Twenty-six minutes.

9 This was also a short round, but against the Irish Champion. Spring planted two or three nobbers; and he also got his opponent down.

10 It was evident to every one that Langan up to this time had had the worst of it; and the general opinion was, that he must lose the battle. Spring planted two successful blows, without any return. Langan was getting better, and he made an exchange of blows with some effect. Belcher again cried out, "Fight, Jack." In struggling for the throw, Mr. O'Neil sung out, "Give him a back fall, Jack, but don't hurt him." And sure enough Mr. Spring received a back fall.

11 Langan was now fast recovering his second wind, and he went to work. An exchange of blows. A pause. Langan planted a slight body hit with his left hand. Counter hits. Langan down, and Spring fell upon him.

12. In the struggle for the throw, Spring was undermost. "Bravo, Langan!" The head of the Champion had an ugly knock against the lower rail of the stage.

13. Spring is one of the most difficult boxers on the list to be got at; however, Langan put in a body blow. In closing, both down, Spring uppermost.

14. Spring was getting weak, and Langan was improving: so said the most experienced judge of boxing belonging to the P. C. Indeed it is accounted for without any difficulty whatever; as a superior fighter, Spring ought not to have wrestled so much with his opponent. The strongest man in the world must have felt weakness had he been engaged in such violent pulling, hauling, grappling, catching hold of each other's hands, like the two combatants. This round was little more than a struggle for the throw, Langan undermost.

15. It was now known to all the Ring that the left hand of Spring was gone; indeed it was swelled and puffed up like a blister. Langan planted a left handed blow, but Spring stopped his right. In closing, the struggle was great, and as Langan was going down, Spring hit his nob. (Foul!—fair, fair!) It was not intentional on the part of Spring, he was in the act of hitting, and therefore it could not be decided as wrong.

16 Considering fairly on the subject, under all the disparagement of circumstances, Langan was a very troublesome customer. The remarks made by some persons were, that he did not fight well, although they were compelled to allow that he was an extraordinary game man. But the fact speaks for itself. Langan was the shorter and the lighter man; and he ought to be entitled to praise for hitting so leary a boxer as Spring at all. The counter-hits in this round were again well placed; but it was regretted by several sporting men to see such numerous and desperate struggles between them. Yet, to their credit be it spoken, neither of the men wished to go down unhandsomely; and that accounts for such wrestling. After almost pulling each other's joints out of their sockets, both went down together. Langan patted the back of Spring with the utmost good humor, both smiling.

17. The fine science of Spring was again exhibited in skilfully stopping his opponent; but in closing, he received a dangerous cross-buttock, which shook him terribly, and his legs rebounded from the ground. A cheering ray of applause for Langan.

18 It was not very flattering to the backers of Spring to have witnessed the manner with which Langan had got round. The Irish Champion went resolutely in, and planted two hits. In closing, Spring tried the fibbing system, when Langan broke away. Both of the combatants, in turn, retreated from the blows of each other. Both down.

19 The Champion showed weakness: it would indeed have been a singular circumstance if he had not; and he bobbed his head aside, from a tremendous right-handed blow of Langan's, which might have settled the account in favor of the hero of the Black Fogle. Spring, however, in this round, threw Langan with ease.

20 Spring stopped several blows; and the Irish Champion was thrown violently on his head; and Spring also fell very heavy upon him. Forty-five minutes had occurred. "That fall is a settler. He can't fight above another round or two."

21. Spring nobbed his opponent: a severe struggle took place at the corner of the stage, and some fears were expressed that the men might fall through the rails upon the ground. Langan received another heavy fall.

22 Langan, according to the advice of Belcher, fought first, but his efforts were stopped: and he again went down, Spring uppermost. During the time the Champion was sitting on the knee of his second, he nodded, and gave a smile to his friends, intimating "it was all right."

23 This was a short round, and Spring fibbed Langan down, very severely to all appearance: yet, strange to say, on being picked up and placed on his second's knee, when asked to have some brandy and water by Belcher, and who told Harmer, who was below the stage, to hand it up, 'Stop a bit, Harry, only keep it cool." The president of the daffy Club, who was standing close by at the time, observed, "What a strange fellow!"

24. After three heavy falls in succession, and a heavy fibbing in the next round, Langan came up with as much pluck to the scratch as if nothing had happened to him. Langan put in a body blow, but he was thrown.

25 Spring, although he had got the lead by his superior science and length, yet, nevertheless, he was determined not to give a chance away, and was as cautious as when he first commenced the battle. He retreated from Langan's blows, but planted some blows with success; and ultimately Langan was down.

26 Langan made play, but Spring was too leary. Both down; Spring uppermost.

27. The Champion was evidently distressed, and his right hand was also getting bad. Some exchanges took place; but in a trifling struggle at the corner of the stage, it appeared to Spring's umpire that Langan went down without a blow; when he observed to Belcher, "Tell your man not to go down without a blow; I shall notice it." "I assure you, Gentlemen," replied Tom, "some blows had passed in the round, and it could not be termed going down without a blow, according to the rules of fighting." Blows, most certainly, had passed between the combatants.

28. Langan walked up to the umpire, and said, "Sir, I did not go down." Time had been called, when Cribb sang out, "Why don't you come to the scratch; what manœuvres are you about, Mr. Belcher?" "I want nothing but fair play," replied Tom; "lick us fairly, and I shall be satisfied." Langan again made play, but ultimately he was thrown.

29 Spring planted a heavy facer. "That's a little one for us, I believe," said Cribb; "our hands are gone, are they?" laughing. Langan suffered a dreadful fall.

30. It is quite certain Langan could not get the lead in his favor, but still he was not to be viewed with indifference; he was still dangerous, as a throw might have won the battle for him. Both down; Spring undermost.

31. This round, more particularly at this stage of the fight exalted the character of Langan as one of the gamest men alive. Langan planted a body blow, but he napt three facers in succession. A pause. Langan received a heavy body blow. He was now terribly exhausted, and fell down on his latter end.

32 This round, it was thought, would have proved the quietus of Langan. He was thrown heavily upon his head, which touched the lower rail. "That's a finisher! He'll not come again," were the remarks of the spectators.

33. Spring's conduct towards Langan was generous and manly; and deservedly applauded by the spectators. Langan rushed in, and made a blow at his opponent, which Spring parried; and then laying hold of Langan he let him down without any punishment.

34. The determination of Langan not only astonished all the amateurs, but alarmed a little the backers of Spring. Without an accident it was booked almost to a certainty that Spring must win; but still an accident might happen; nay, it was impossible to assert that an accident might not occur. Langan could not persuade himself that any thing alive could master him; his backers were aware of his opinion, and therefore they would not oppose his resolution. The Irish Champion had again the worst of it, and went down very much distressed. One hour and seven minutes had transpired; therefore all the bets that Spring proved the conquerer in an hour, were lost.

35 This was a milling round. Langan would not go away although hit to pieces. His face was covered with claret, and he went down as if he would not have been able to come again. Four to one.

36 This was ditto, with repeated, if not increased punishment; yet Langan returned, and Spring, with a caution that all his backers must give him credit for, got away whenever anything like a heavy blow was levelled at him. Langan fell down quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away! Where are his backers?" "Very good, indeed," replied Belcher; "you are not hurt yet, Jack, and his hands are too far gone to hurt you now!" "I will not give in," said Langan, "I shall win it."

37. Langan fought in this round much better than any of the spectators could anticipate. He planted a couple of hits; it is true they were not effective, but it showed the fight was not out of him. The Irish Champion, it should have been recollected, fought under the Black Flag, "Death or Victory." No, he would not say, Langan could not have got such a sentence out of his mouth. Langan went down in a way that every brave heart felt for him.

38 Belcher brought his man up to the scratch, nay, almost carried him, when, singular to relate, game-cock like, all his energies appeared as if they returned to him; and he commenced milling like a hero. Spring, in succession, planted four blows without any return, till he went down.

39 Langan was again down on the stage.

40 The Hero of the Black Fogle showed fight till he went down quite exhausted.

41 A short round; but it was surprising to witness the strength exhibited by Langan to obtain the throw. Both down, when Spring patted him on the back.

42 Langan was undermost in this round, but Spring really had his work to do to place his opponent in that situation.

43 Langan again undermost, and Spring fell heavily upon him. "Talk of giving in, Jack! why you have not got a scratch yet."

44. Spring planted a facer, but he met with a return. In struggling for a throw, Langan took hold of the drawers of Spring, when Cribb and Painter called out, "Let go his drawers." Langan immediately relinquished his hold. The Irish Champion was thrown.

45. Langan hit Spring on the side of his head, and fought well in an exchange of blows. Spring, however, obtained the throw.

46 It was astonishing, after getting the worst of it in the previous rounds, to witness the resolute manner with which Langan contended in this round. He was still dangerous in an exchange of blows; and in struggling both fell upon the stage, Langan undermost.

47 Langan, on being placed at the scratch, was ready for the attack. In a short time, after struggling, both went down. The John Bull Fighter roared out—"I am sorry for you, Tom Belcher; you will certainly be lagged if you do not take your man away." "Well done, Josh," replied Belcher, "that comes well from you; we shall win it; Spring can't hurt a mouse now. He then gave Langan some brandy and water.

48 Spring exhibited weakness, but he threw Langan heavily.

49. Astonishing! Langan still made a fight of it. In an exchange of blows, however exhausted the brave boy from Paddy's Land appeared to be, Spring used the Harlequin's step to prevent all accidents. In struggling for the throw, both down.

50 At the scratch Langan again showed himself ready. "My dear boy," said Belcher, "it is all your own if you will but fight first." Langan put in a body blow, and he also countered with his opponent; but the Irish Champion had the worst of it and went down.

51. Seeing is believing; but to the reader who has perused the whole of the above rounds, it must almost appear like a romance to state that Langan held Spring for a short time against the rails to get the throw, till they both went down, and Spring, with all his weight, fell upon him.

52 Spring stopped a blow; and it is also true that Spring got away from another; but ultimately Langan was hit down.

53 Langan went to work and hit Spring on his nose; but the Champion returned the favor, with interest, by nobbing his brave adversary down. "Is there any thing the matter with that hand, I should like to know? (Laughing.) Lord! how Spring did hit him in the middle of the head!" Cribb observed.

54 "'Pon my soul, it's no lie! I'll bet a thousand of it." Langan threw Spring cleverly. Great applause followed this circumstance. "He's an extraordinary fellow," said Mr. Jackson, "he is really a very good man."

55. Spring again had all the best of this round; but Langan kept fighting till he went down.

56 This round it was thought had settled the business. Langan exchanged several blows; but in closing, Spring hit up terrifically on the face of his opponent, till he went down like a log of wood.

57 Langan commenced milling, and planted a blow on the side of Spring's head; "do that again," said Belcher. Langan endeavored to follow the directions of his master, but the Champion got away. Spring now hit him staggering, repeated the dose, when Langan went down.

58 This was a good round, considering the protracted state of the battle. Langan returned some blows, till he went down. "Take him away." "He has no chance."

59. Langan appeared so completely exhausted that every round was expected to be his last. He went down from a very slight hit; nay, little more than a push.

60 "Wonders will never cease!" said a cove who had lost a trifle that Langan was licked in forty minutes—"why he has got Spring down again; and it is not so safe to the Champion as his friends may think."

61 Langan was now as groggy as a sailor three sheets in the wind; and a slight blow sent him down. "I never saw such a fellow," said Jack Randall, "he'll fight for a week! He don't know when to leave off." "You are right, Jack," replied a Military Hero, "Langan reminds me of a remark of General Suwarrow, who was so tired of mowing down the Prussian Grenadiers, that he exclaimed angrily, 'damn these fellows, there is no getting rid of them. The more we kill, greater numbers appear on the field—they ought to know when they have got enough of it.'" Langan seemed to belong to the above corps.

62 The distress exhibited by Langan was so great that every time he went down, it was thought he could not appear again at the scratch. If the spectators did not think Langan dangerous, Spring got away from all his hits, to prevent any thing being the matter. Langan again sent down.

63 Langan was still determined to have a shy for the £500, and he made a hit at Spring; but he was sent down.

64. The three to one, and even betters of a higher description, were not exactly easy in their minds upon the subject. Some little palpitations were discovered, although the odds might, at this period, be ten to one in their favor. For the last fifteen minutes it was next to an impossibility Spring could lose; yet, contrary to all calculations upon the subject, Langan still contested the fight. The hands of Spring were in such a dreadful, not to say painful state, that he could not perform the execution he wished. Here was the danger, as it was possible that he might be worn out; but his caution and generalship did every thing for him towards victory. Langan was so piteously distressed, that a slight touch on his arm sent him down. A good blow must have put an end to the fight in an instant; but Spring could not hit effectually.

65 Langan went at the scratch, not only schowed fight, but he hit Spring on the head; the latter, however, had the best of the round, but Langan got the throw, Spring undermost. "Where's the brandy," said Belcher. "Here it is," replied Tom Cribb; "a brave fellow shall not want for any thing in my possession!" Bravo!' cried Belcher, "that is friendly and I shall not forget it."

66. The chance was decidedly against the Irish Champion; but nevertheless he attempted to be troublesome to his opponent. Spring put in a nobber, and also threw him.

67 Exchange of blows. A pause. Langan on the totter; but he planted two hits on the Champion's face; Spring followed him up, and gave Langan two blows, one in the body and one on the head, which dropped the Hero of the Black Fogle.

68 The bravery of Langan was equal to any any thing ever witnessed in the Prize Ring. The hands of Spring were now in such a dreadful state, that he could scarcely close them, and most of his blows appeared to be open handed. Langan, in an exhausted state, was hit down. "Take him away!" "Do you hear what they say, Jack?" "Yes," replied Langan; "I will not be taken away; I can win it!"

69 In struggling for the throw, Langan's head fell against the stakes; both down.

70 Langan again napt on the nobbing system, and was sent down. One hour and forty-two minutes had elapsed. Loud cries of "Take him away!"

71. The backers of Spring were anxious to have it over; and the spectators in general cried out, on the score of humanity, that Langan ought not to be suffered to fight any more. Col. O'Neil, the friend and backer of the Irish Champion, assured the umpire that he did not want for humanity; and he was well satisfied in his own mind, that, from the state of Spring's hands, no danger could arise. Langan was fighting for £200 of his own battle-money, therefore he had no right to interfere; he had previous to the fight, left it in the hands of his skilful second, Belcher, who, he was certain, would not suffer the fight to last longer than was safe to all parties. Langan, after a short round, was sent down.

72 It was the struggles of a hero to obtain glory: and to a brave mind defeat is more terrific than death. The Irish Champion was ambitious of conquest; and he felt the inspiring words of our immortal bard to the utmost extent.—

> "What man dare, I dare!
> And damn'd be he, that first cries, hold! enough!"

Langan was brought to the scratch by Belcher, who said, 'Fight my dear boy. Spring can't hurt you." Langan, with undaunted resolution, plunged in to hit his opponent; but, after receiving additional punishment, he was sent down. Loud cries of "Take him away."

73. It was now evident to all persons, that Langan, while he retained the slightest knowledge of what he was about, would not give in. Spring fibbed Langan in the severest manner he was able to put an end to the fight, till he went down. Here Jack Randall came close to the stage, and said, "Tom Belcher, take him away, he cannot win it now." "He says, he will not, Jack; and he can fight longer," replied Tom Belcher.

74. This round was a fine picture of resolution; it was a beautiful portrait of the capabilities of the mind when under the most dangerous circumstances. Langan without the slightest shadow of chance. Nature fatigued, over done, completely worn out, and refusing to second his will; Langan angry that his limbs won't do their duty; Langan, in spite of all these overwhelming difficulties, came again to the scratch, and with efforts of true courage fought till he was sent down. While sitting on the knee of his second, Cribb thus addressed him: "You are a brave man, Langan!" "A better was never seen in the Prize Ring," joined Painter; "but you can't win, Langan; it is no use for you to fight, and it may prove dangerous to you." "I will fight," said Langan; "no one shall take me away!"

75 When time was called, Langan was brought to the scratch, he could scarcely walk, but he placed himself in attitude, although staggering at all points. He attempted to hit, when Spring caught hold of his opponent, and dibbed him severely. "Give not a chance away now," said Cribb, "you must finish the battle." Langan went down quite stupid. (Take him away, from all parts of the ring.)

76 and last. Strange to relate, Langan again showed at the scratch; he was nearly in a state of insensibility, and it might be truly asserted that he fought from instinct, and under the doctrine of the black flag—"rather die than to yield!" It did not require much punishment at this period to send the brave Langan off his legs; and to the credit of Spring be it recorded, he did his duty towards his backers as a fighting man, and he acted humanely towards an opponent, that he must to the end of his life have the highest notions of respect for as a man. Langan put up his arms in attitude; but they were soon rendered useless, Spring fibbing him down without giving much punishment. When time was called, Langan was insensible to it.

After a contest of one hour and forty-nine minutes, the hat was thrown up, and Spring was declared the conqueror amidst the loudest shouts of approbation. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Sant immediately ascended the stage: Mr. Sant congratulated Spring on his victory; but concluded, "if you ever fight again, I will never speak to you any more. Tom, I never saw such bad hands in any battle." Spring replied, "Sir, I never will." He then left the knee of his second, and went up to Langan, and laid hold of his hand. The Irish Champion had not yet recovered, but on opening his eyes, he asked in a faint tone, "Is the battle over?" "Yes," replied Belcher. "O, dear!" articulated Langan. Spring immediately shook his hand again, and said, "Jack, you and I must be friends to the end of our lives; and any thing that is within my power, I will do to serve you. When I see you in town, I will give you ten pounds." Spring then left the stage with his friends to go to the Swan Hotel, Chichester. He was received by the shouts of the populace all along the road; and the ladies waving their handkerchiefs at the windows as he passed along. Langan, as soon as he had recovered a little from the effects of the battle, left the stage amidst very loud tokens of approbation. "You are an extraordinary fellow, Langan, a brave man," &c. The Irish Champion, accompanied by Belcher and his backer, also received great applause on his return to the Dolphin, in Chichester; and the fair sex were equally liberal in waving their handkerchiefs as Langan passed by their windows. Spring was immediately put to bed, and bled, and a warm bath prepared for him. His hands were frightful, and his face also exhibited much more punishment than appeared on the stage; but he was cheerful and collected. The same kind attention was paid to Langan; and on being asked by the writer of this article how he felt himself? he replied, "Very well; I have lost the battle, but it is owing to my want of condition; I am not quite twelve stone; I have been harrassed all over the country; I have travelled two hundred and sixty miles within the last two days; I was feverish, and was on the road instead of my bed on Saturday night; I wanted rest." On making his man comfortable, Belcher, accompanied by his bottle-holder, and also Colonel O'Neil, in the true spirit of chivalry, all rivalry now being at an end, paid a visit to the bed-side of Spring. Here all was friendly, as it should be; and all parties now only anxious for the recovery of both of the pugilists. "How is Langan?" said Spring to Belcher. "He is doing well," replied Tom. "I am glad of it," said Spring. "We have had a fair fight, we have been licked, and I am satisfied," observed Belcher. All parties shook hands over the bed of the conqueror. On leaving Spring, Mr. Sant, followed by Tom Cribb and Ned Painter, immediately returned with Colonel O'Neil to the bed-side of Langan. Mr. Sant observed, "Well, Langan, how do you do—do you know me? You can't see me." "Yes, Sir," replied the fallen hero. "I am Spring's backer," said Mr. Sant, "but nevertheless, your friend." "I am obliged to you, Sir," answered Langan, "if it was not for such Gentlemen as you in the sporting world, we should have no fights. Indeed, Tom Spring is a smart, clever fellow, and I wish him well." "That is liberal," said Painter, "and I am happy to hear one brave man speak well of another." The visitors now retired, and left Langan to compose himself.

REMARKS.

The above contest was one of the fairest battles ever witnessed: it was truly delightful to view such conduct. Langan and Spring had twenty-four square feet for their exertions, without the slightest interruption throughout the mill. The seconds and bottle-holders did their duty like men: they remained as fixtures during the whole of the fight, except when the rounds were at an end, and their assistance became necessary. The umpires were gentlemen: an Englishman for Spring, and an Irishman for Langan; and they both acted like gentlemen; they watched every movement of the men, that nothing like foul play should be attempted on either side: and they had the satisfaction of feeling there was no difference of opinion between them in any instance whatever, and likewise no necessity to call upon the Referee for a decision to decide between them in case of a dispute.

Langan had been beaten against his will. The conduct of Belcher deserved the highest praise as a second in this battle: he stuck to his man like glue; he was anxious that no reports should reach Ireland, or be scattered over England, that he had given in for his man. Langan previous to the battle requested, nay, insisted, that neither his bottle-holder nor second should take upon themselves that privilege which only rested in his own bosom. They complied with it; and Langan, we repeat, was conquered against his will.

He could not control the uncertain chance of war! But the argument is—the comparison. We assert, therefore, without the fear of contradiction, it was no match between Spring and Langan, and Langan only was to blame to make it. But the Irish Champion was ambitious, and dearly did he pay for that ambition: yet there was something about it aspiring and noble. The greatest fault with Langan, was, he held his opponent too lightly: and he also began at the wrong end of the P. R., the bottom of the tree is perhaps the safest to commence at for a novice: with the middle of it, perhaps, there might not have been any danger, and even a good chance for Langan, had he been engaged with a customer near the top, for his first essay; but to endeavor to out-top the top of the tree was trebly hazardous, and he sadly fell in the aspiring attempt. But, nevertheless, it raised him in the estimation of his countrymen; and also in the hearts of all brave Englishmen; and twenty thousand or more spectators, at Man-Wood, near Chichester, pronounced him one of the bravest men alive! We shall offer no excuse for Langan—and the ridiculous if, we shall not resort to. Langan, most certainly, was out of condition; his mode of training, if training it could be called, could not do him any service. He was not a week together in any single place. After the match was made he went to Dublin, Manchester, Bristol, &c., &c.; and his journey to Leamington, (which was purely accidental, and could not be avoided,) then back again, on the place of fighting being altered, no man will deny that such a journey took some rounds out of him in the battle, which rounds he wanted very much towards the end of the fight.

After thirty minutes had elapsed, it appeared to be the general opinion of the ring, by the advantages Spring had gained, that the battle would be decided in forty minutes; but at that period Langan recovered, and Spring became weaker, and the best judges declared they did not know what to make of it. The strength of Langan, certainly for several rounds, did not make it decidedly safe to Spring.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

TO THE PROFESSION.

After years of toil and trouble we have succeeded in building up a Theatrical and Show Department in the columns of the CLIPPER, which has no rival on this side of the Atlantic. We have made the CLIPPER a medium of communication between members of the profession in every quarter of the habitable globe. Relatives and friends who have lost sight of each other for months, and in some instances, years, have been enabled to resume their acquaintance and correspondence by means of information concerning their whereabouts, imparted through the CLIPPER. To make this channel of information reliable and trustworthy, has subjected us to much extra expense, and yet we have never, that we remember, solicited any advertising patronage from the profession; neither have we accepted, nor do we accept, pay for recording the movements and doings of our friends. What advertising we have received, has been given us voluntarily. When money is sent us for "notices," we either give the worth of it in our advertising department, or return it to the parties sending it.

We take this opportunity to say that as the profession look upon the CLIPPER as the only acknowledged theatrical and show-business organ in the country, it is but right and proper that they should contribute to its support by giving it a share of their advertising patronage. We do not refer to New York alone, but to all places where the drama, and concert, and minstrel halls flourish. A four or five line advertisement from each place would not be much to them, individually; while the aggregate would assist us materially, for there is no denying the fact that the war has made sad inroads upon the receipts of every paper in the country, and the CLIPPER is among the number that have suffered. Those who advertise with us are mentioned weekly in our city or general summary, without charge; those who do *not* advertise are also mentioned, occasionally, when there is anything of interest to communicate; but advertiser's we make it a point to keep before our readers weekly. The CLIPPER circulates all through the Union; in Europe, Australia, California, etc., etc., and performers, as well as managers, by keeping their names and business in our theatrical and show record, benefit themselves infinitely more than they do us. We throw out the suggestion to the profession, leaving the members thereof to act upon it as may suit them best.

In the meantime, advertisements or no advertisements, the CLIPPER will be run as heretofore, and information of interest to the theatrical profession is solicited from correspondents throughout the country. A "bill of the play," or a line or two, in the "hand write" of the sender, and enclosed in an envelope addressed to the NEW YORK CLIPPER, will always receive attention. Actors and actresses, minstrels, circus folks, concert and show people generally, and all others in the world of amusements, will oblige us, and consult their own interests, by keeping this department reliably posted in their "whereabouts" and "whatabouts." We make no charge, nor accept any pay, for matter inserted in this department.

BRYANT'S OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.
BRYANT BROTHERS.....Proprietors.
JOHN SIMPSON, Treasurer. | WINANS and BUCHANAN, Ushers.
A. ROSS, Officer.
SIXTH YEAR OF THE ORIGINAL WORLD-RENOWNED
BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.
THE EXCELSIOR TROUPE OF THE WORLD.
The company is composed of the following talented artists:—
S. C. CAMPBELL, the distinguished baritone.

EPH HORN,	T. J. PEEL,	N. W. GOULD,
J. H. SIVORI,	W. L. SOBBS.	G. S. FOWLER,
J. W. HILTON,	E. H. FLORENCE,	T. GETTINGS,
J. MORRISON,	J. GARATAGUA,	FRANK LESLIE,
NEIL BRYANT,	DAN BRYANT,	

Is a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Plantation Scenes, &c. For particulars see bills of the day. Tickets, 25 cts. 35tf

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OLYMPIC MUSIC HALL,
RACE STREET, between 2d and 3d streets, PHILADELPHIA.
ROBERT W. BUTLER, sole Lessee and Manager.
GREAT CONCENTRATION OF TALENT
EVERY ARTIST A STAR
DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE,
The Boneless Wonder, or Multiform Man.
C. GARDINER, MONS. VELARDE. SAM LONG,
DENNY GALLAGHER, GEORGE WARREN.
MISS JULIA MORTIMER,
HARRY ENOCHS, MIKE McKENNA, JOHNNY WILDS.
MISS NELLY TAYLOR.
MLLE CLARA, MISS JULIA CHRISTINE,
MISS KATE FRANCIS, MISS EMMA GARDINER,
MISS ELLEN COLENE, MISS ALICE CONWAY.
The extensive Corps de Ballet of
TWENTY YOUNG LADIES,
Under the direction of MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.
Admission—Parquette, 20 cents; Gallery, 10 cents.
WM. BUTLER, Acting Manager.
GEO. R. EDESON, Stage Manager.
35 MR. T. SIMPSON, Leader of Orchestra.

THE LARGEST
SHOW BILL PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD!
CLARRY & REILLEY,
(Successor to John E. Bacon.)
PRINTERS AND ENGRAVERS,
12 and 14 Spruce Street, New York,
Pay particular attention to getting up all kinds of
FANCY SHOW BILLS
For traveling companies, and have on hand a large and splendid assortment of large and small
WOOD CUTS
Suitable for Circuses, Menageries, Ethiopian Performers, Gymnasts, Magicians, &c., &c., which can be printed in one or more colors, to suit customers.
☞ A deposit required on all work ordered.
All orders addressed to "CLARRY & REILLEY," Bacon Printing and Engraving establishment, 12 and 14 Spruce street, New York, will be promptly attended to. 35

BOWERY THEATRE.
S. P. SUICKNEY.....Lessee and Manager.
SUICKNEY'S GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS,
Being the only Circus Company now performing in the United States.
ALL THE EQUESTRIAN TALENT IN THE COUNTRY
Is concentrated in this establishment
PERFORMANCES EVERY EVENING IN THE WEEK,
ALSO
ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY AFTERNOONS.
Consisting of
HORSEMANSHIP,
STARTLING AERIAL FEATS,
ELEGANT GYMNASTICS, POSES, AND TABLEAUX.
By the first Riders and Artists in the Profession.
Doors open at 6½; performances commence at 7½ o'clock
Boxes 25 cents; Pit 12 cts; Gallery 10 cts; Balcony Chairs 50 cents.
Children admitted to Boxes at the Afternoon performances for 15 cents. 31tf

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HOOLEY'S MINSTRELS, STUYVESANT HALL, 659 BROADWAY,
H. M. HOOLEY & G. W. H. GRIFFIN.....Proprietors.
A BAND OF PICKED STARS.
Each member standing at the head of his profession, and without a rival in his peculiar line.
Read the names and be convinced.
CHARLEY FOX, W. ARLINGTON,
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, DAVE REED,
ROLLIN HOWARD, J. C. REEVES,
E. J. MELVILLE, GEO. GRAY,
T. McNALLY, AUG'T ASCHE,
J. SMITZE, and H. M. HOOLEY.
L. A. ZWISLER, Agent.
All the newest features of Negro Minstrelsy legitimately performed by the above incomparable troupe.
Doors open at 6½, to commence at 7¾. Tickets 25 cts [35-tf

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
OPERA HOUSE, BOSTON.
THE MOST MAGNIFICENT MINSTREL TEMPLE IN THE WORLD.
The Scenery, Traps, Properties, Gas Fixtures, Heating Apparatus, and Ventilation, will vie successfully with any theatre in this country, and is crowded nightly by the elite and fashion.
The company consists of the following well known artists:—

LON MORRIS.	E. BOWERS.	MAST. LEON,
BILLY MORRIS,	J. B. DONNIKER,	E. KELLY,
JOHNNY PELL,	J. P. ENDRES,	AUGUST SCHNEIDER,
J. C. TROWBRIDGE,	E. W. PRESCOTT,	A. LUDWIG,
J. J. HILLIARD,	F. WILMARTH,	D. J. MAGUINNIS,

without a doubt the greatest array of stars ever before congregated in any similar troupe.
35 tf LON MORRIS, Manager.

ROYAL LYCEUM,
TORONTO, CANADA WEST.
Lessee.....JAS. FLEMING.
The above Theatre has been thoroughly renovated and decorated, making it the handsomest, warmest, and most comfortable place of amusement in Canada. The Winter Season will begin on the 24 of December. Stars—Opera and Ballet Troupes—will be liberally treated with. HENRY LINDEN, Stage Manager.
Toronto, Nov. 30, 1861. 34 tf

BROADWAY MUSIC HALL,
483 & 485 BROADWAY. 483 & 485
One door below Broome Street.
CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY FESTIVITIES!
UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTIONS!
GRAND HARLEQUINADE!
First week of the Comic and Fairy Pantomime, abounding in beautiful scenery, gorgeous dresses and paraphrenalia, splendid Designs and Groupings, Magic Tricks and Transformations of
FORTUNE'S FROLICS;
OR,
HARLEQUIN AND THE GENIUS OF SPRING.
TONY PASTOR.....in his great character of Clown.
Harlequin.....JULIEN KENT.
Pantaloon.....BEN COTTON
Columbine.....MISS ERNESTINE DeFAIBER.
Queen of the Fairies.....LIZZIE SCHULTZ
New Scenery, painted expressly for this piece, by MR. H. ROGERS
Machinery, Tricks and Mechanical changes.....MR. B. HARRIS.
Properties and Appointments.....C. LA FOREST and T. SHEA.
The piece produced under the immediate supervision of
MONS. LA THORNE
The following talented artists are engaged, and will appear every evening:—
MONS. VELARDE, TONY PASTOR.
THE BROADWAY MINSTRELS.
BILLY BIRCH, J. A. HERMAN, BEN COTTON,
JOHN MULLIGAN, M. AINSLEY SCOTT,
A. J. LEAVITT, GEO. GERMAINE. JNO. PIERRE,
MISS ERNESTINE DE FAIBER.
MLLE KATARINA, MISS LIZZIE SCHULTZ.
THE GREAT BALLET TROUPE!
Under the direction of
MONS. PAUL BRILLANT.
Grand Matinee on Christmas afternoon, at 2½ o'clock, for Ladies and Children.
ADMISSION:
Dress Circle and Parquet....25 cts. | Gallery.....18 cts.
Orchestra Chairs.....35 cts. | Private Boxes.....$4 00
ROBERT W. BUTLER, Sole Lessee and Proprietor.
37 MONS. LA THORNE, Stage Manager.

SANFORD'S OPERA TROUPE.
This large body of Artists,
comprising the leading talent in Minstrelsy, viz:

Messrs. J. L. CARNCROSS,	G. L. HALL,	A. HUGHES,
E. DIXEY,	FRANK MORAN,	J. PAUL,
COOL WHITE,	T. A'BECKET,	P. BUCH,
J. H. HOLDEN,	T. A'BECKET, jr.,	J. GLENN,
J. L. PALMER,	J. ARNOLD,	G. PEARCE,
J. T. COCKS,	WAGSTAFF,	J. A. PAINE,
W. SHACKLETON,	C. CAMPBELL,	R. LINDSAY,
H. DOUGHERTY,	G. SILSBE.	J. WARD.

S. S. SANFORD, Master SANFORD, Miss JULIA SANFORD,
Embracing a Double Company, will appear alternately at
SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA, and
SANFORD'S OPERA HOUSE, Harrisburgh,
During the entire season.
First class performers can meet with engagements for both houses.
A Banjoist wanted immediately. Address,
S. S. SANFORD, Proprietor
36 2t* Sanford's Opera House Philadelphia.

THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL,
NO. 620 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA,
(Late Jones' Hotel.)
THE BIJOU MUSIC HALL OF PHILADELPHIA.
The Proprietor, after much labor and expense, has fitted up this new and commodious Theatre in a tasteful manner, and placed in it
A MONSTER COMPANY,
which in point of numbers and talent, is
SECOND TO NONE IN THE COUNTRY.
THE ALHAMBRA MUSIC HALL is situated on Chestnut street, between Sixth and Seventh streets, and is in close proximity to all the Hotels within a central circuit.
The entertainments will nightly consist of Ballet Performances, "Nigger" Sketches, Burlesques, and Breakdowns, Comic and Fancy Dancing, Sentimental and Comic Singing, Acrobatic and Necromantic performances, Pantomimes, &c., &c., &c.
The Programme will be changed every evening, and the most attractive performers will appear before the public.
ADMISSION.
Parquet.....25 cts | Dress Circle.....15 cts
Seats in Private Box.....50 cts | Full Private Box.....$3
GEORGE MILLER.....Proprietor.
GEORGE SHELDON.....Stage Manager. 36 2t

RUMSEY & NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS.
NOW IN EUROPE,
Performing with that success heretofore unknown in the
ANNALS OF MINSTRELSY.
THE COMPANY NOW ATTACHED ARE:

H. S. RUMSEY,	W. W. NEWCOMB,
J. H. DULEY,	LITTLE BOBBY,
W. T. EMERSON,	M. LEWIS,
J. BURNGESS,	W. BLAKENEY,
RUDOLPH HALL,	D. W. REEVES,
J. H. KELLOGG,	J. A. BASQUIN,
B. MALLARD,	J. W. ADAMS,
JAMES UNSWORTH,	MASTER EUGENE,

Each member being selected for his superior excellence and individual talent. RUMSEY & NEWCOMB, Proprietors. 24-3m

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MAGUIRE'S OPERA HOUSE,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
Proprietor and Manager.....MR. T. MAGUIRE.
Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.
Prices of Admission:
Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats.....One Dollar.
Parquet.....50 Cents | Gallery.....25 Cents. 3-tf
Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. The influence of these establishments inure to the benefit of all those who engage with Mr. Maguire.

NOTICE.
THE NEW THEATRE, HARTFORD, CONN.,
Will be opened on the 16th of Dec., by THOMAS HAMPTON, with a
FIRST CLASS DRAMATIC COMPANY,
Producing (during the season) all the
FIRST CLASS SENSATION PLAYS OF THE DAY.
Also, the LEGITIMATE DRAMA.
The entire lease of the Theatre belongs to the undersigned.
Popular stars will please take notice and correspond at once. The above Theatre is but recently built, has beautiful scenery, and all the requisites for the production of all pieces of whatever character.
Please address, THOS. HAMPTON, Theatre, Hartford, Conn.
N. B.—It is capable of seating 1600 people. 36-2t*

CLEVELAND THEATRE.
The subscriber will open the above establishment on the 25th inst. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability wishing for a winter engagement will please address as above.
A juvenile man, an old man, a heavy man, walking gent, walking lady, and heavy woman, are particularly invited.
N. B.—Will be happy to treat with Stars.
36 5t* C. M. WEBB, Manager.

JOHN W. WHILSTON,
HUMORIST
AND
DELINEATOR OF ECCENTRIC CHARACTERS.
ENGAGEMENTS MADE AFTER MARCH 1st, 1862.
TERMS—$25 00 per night, or half the receipts.
Address care of FRANK QUEEN,
37-11* Clipper Office, New York.

TO THE THEATRICAL AND EXHIBITION PROFESSION
OF THE UNITED STATES, AND THE WORLD.
The undersigned will act as resident Agent for all kinds of Exhibitions that can be given in Halls or Theatres in Lexington, Kentucky. The Theatre here will hold 1200 persons; the Melodeon Hall, 400; rents low. I will also act as Treasurer, (being a first rate judge of money,) Receiver, or Usher. Will attend to the posting and distribution of Bills, &c. Having a large acquaintance, considerable experience, and some influence, I feel satisfied that I can please all who may favor me with their business as above.
Address, WILL A. SHIVERS, Lexington, Ky., Box 226
Lexington, Ky., Dec 9, 1861. 36 4t

☞ ADVERTISEMENT.—COL. T. ALSTON BROWN, having returned to the city from a tour of six months through the States of New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont, New York and the Province of Canada, is prepared to negotiate with any "Star" or troupe to travel as business Agent for the ensuing season. Is well posted in all the duties appertaining to an Agent. Address him at this office.

THE "NONPAREIL" DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, meets every Monday evening. All communications should be addressed to 211 8th Avenue. [30 3m*] H. ROLPH, President.

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN having concluded a most brilliant engagement of three weeks at De Bar's Theatre, in St. Louis, will open at the Louisville Theatre, Louisville Ky. on Monday, 25th inst., for two weeks; and at Wood's Theatre in Cincinnati, on Dec. 9th for three weeks.
N. B.—Miss Menken begs to say in reply to the numerous letters received from managers, that her engagements are all made up to the first of March. 33 tf

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CONNER & POOLE'S CONCERT, THEATRICAL and LITERARY AGENCY, 482 BROADWAY, Room 7.—Male and Female performers of acknowledged ability can always obtain city engagements by addressing as above, enclosing red postage stamp.
31 tf CONNER & POOLE, Agents.

WASSINGTON THEATRE AND CONCERT HALL,
WHEELING, VA.,
Will open on TUESDAY, Dec 24th, with
EDWARDS' & BROWNELL'S
MAMMOTH NOVELTY CONCERT TROUPE AND DRAMATIC CORPS.
Nonce.—Ethiopian Delineators, Lady Vocalists, Dancers, Comic Singers, Gymnasts, and members of the Theatrical profession, (Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability) desiring permanent engagements will please address,
37-11* BOB EDWARDS, Stage Manager.

WINTER GARDEN.
SIXTH WEEK OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF
MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS.
HOUSES CROWDED FROM PIT TO DOME!
GRAND SUCCESS
OF THE
MAGNIFICENT FAIRY SPECTACULAR DRAMA,
ENTITLED THE
LAKES OF KILLARNEY;
OR, THE
BRIDES OF GLENGARIFF.
Received by the PRESS and PUBLIC as the
GREATEST TRIUMPH OF THE SEASON!
And will be presented every night, until further notice.
☞ Seats can be secured three days in advance. 37-1t*

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444 AMERICAN CONCERT HALL. 444
444 BROADWAY. 444 BROADWAY. BROADWAY 444
THE CHEAPEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.
AND THE MOST MIRTHFUL EXHIBITION
EVER INTRODUCED TO THE PUBLIC.
THE LARGEST AND BEST COMPANY OF MIRTH MAKERS IN EXISTENCE!
EVERY INDIVIDUAL A STAR!
AND EVERY BODY DELIGHTED WHO VISITS THIS GREAT AND POPULAR RESORT!
LOOK AT OUR SPLENDID COMBINATION OF TALENT!
CHARLEY WHITE, CHARLEY WHITE,
FATTIE STEWART,
L. SIMMONS, L. SIMMONS,
BILLY QUINN,
W. WEST, W. WEST,
GEO. WARREN,
THE DELEVANTIC BROTHERS,
PAUL BRILLANT AND BALLET TROUPE,
DEVERE, THE GREAT ROPE PERFORMER,
MISS KATE LESLIE.....The Charming Vocalist,

MISS AGNES CLARE,	MISS MILLIE FLORA,
MISS KATE HARRISON,	MISS MARY BLAKE,
MISS F. MONELL,	MISS ANNIE HARRISON,
MLLE VIOLA,	MISS E. MONELL.

TOGETHER WITH THE BEST ORCHESTRA IN THE VOCATION.
And the Beautiful Pantomime, by CHARLEY WHITE, entitled
SCAMPINI.
Forming in all an entertainment of unrivalled excellence.
37 C. WHITE, Acting Manager.

CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, 585 BROADWAY.
GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.
The great A. M. HERNANDEZ,
In a new Pantomime.
The fine Band of Minstrels,
Composed of the most Talented Artists in the City.
First week of the Celebrated
BOB HART,
In new Ethiopian Acts.
Fourth week of the talented
CLIFFORD SISTERS,
In new Songs and Duets.
SIG. ABECCO, in the Song of
"Our good ship sails to-night"
MLLE MARRIETTA RAVEL, MISS ADA PRICE,
And a powerful Corps de Ballet.
MONS. and M'ME MONTANARI, in Comic Duets.
Doors open at 7, performance to commence at 7½ o'clock.
FOX & CURRAN, Proprietors.
CHRIS. NORRIS, Treasurer. 37-tf

GAYETY MUSIC HALL,
(Late GAYETY THEATRE.)
GREEN STREET, BETWEEN BEAVER AND HUDSON STREETS,
ALBANY, N. Y.
THE ONLY FIRST CLASS MUSIC HALL IN THE CITY.
NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON.
With a Star Company, and conducted on the style of the Great Canterbury, Melodeon and Broadway Music Halls, New York.
Afternoon Matinees every Saturday, for Ladies and Children.
FITZPATRICK, HOWARD & LANGRISH, Proprietors.
Acting Manager.....CHARLEY LEWIS.
Stage Manager.....E. W. LANGRISH.
Leader of Orchestra.....WM. BLYTHE.
Machinist.....J. A. ROBERTS.
Stars treated with on liberal terms. 37-1t*

OBERIST'S VARIETIES!
OLD CENTRE STREET THEATRE.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT!
Proprietor.....J. F. OBERIST
Stage Manager.....J. W. DOUGHERTY.
Acting Manager.....HARRY BALL.
Musical Director.....Prof. H. LUCKER.
Treasurer and Business Manager...THOS. J. QUINLAN.
VOX POPULI! PROCLAIM IT!
EXCELSIOR CONCERT TROUPE OF THE WEST!
Look at the array of talent:
Miss KATE PARTINGTON,
Miss JOSIE DUPREE,
Miss PAULINE CUSHMAN,
Miss VICTORIA.

J. F. OBERIST,	LEW BENEDICT,
HARRY BALL,	J. W. DOUGHERTY,
R. H. COLLINS,	J. W. ARMSTRONG,
ADD WEAVER,	HERMAN FISILER,

Master BARNEY.
It is the intention of the Management to make this establishment EQUAL in point of TALENT and RESPECTABILITY to any similar place of Amusement in the country.
Novelties are produced in rapid succession.
Admission, 10 cents; Parquet, 20 cents.
Parties wishing engagements must address
QUINLAN & HAYS,
Oberist's Varieties, Cleveland, O.,
37-2t* P. O. Drawer 366.

OBITUARY ON THE DEATH OF HERBERT C. PARDEY, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT CAIRO, ILL., DEC. 13, 1861.—It is with sincere and painful regret that we record the death of the subject of our sketch. Mr Pardey came among us a stranger, and yet in a short period he had won the love and friendship of many a warm hearted and sincere friend. His talents, combined with an unassuming modesty, gathered him many admirers, while those admitted to his private society recognised in him the many good qualities of head and heart, which were calculated to adorn and beautify his life, and cause him to be regretted in death. There were circumstances surrounding him well calculated to elicit the warmest sympathy from those who were his friends, while over and above all, there was a warm, devoted, and sincere affection, which he bore to his mother, which mingled with and guided every action in life. It is scarce possible to realize that he is indeed dead—it is so very recently that he was among us, full of life and health, following his profession with all that ardor which springs from a pure and appreciative love for the "great master" whom he strove with his best efforts to represent with truthfulness. He was fully prepared for the great change, and met death with all the calmness in its reality; as he had oft portrayed it in mimic life. He knew when the scene shifted, and as the lights became dim, and as the Angel of Death hovering o'er him, said, 'Peace, be still,' and when life, "Like a shadow thrown softly and sweetly from some passing cloud," left the tenement of clay, there arose to his lips the memory of his mother and the dear ones at home. He was ready for the call, and needed not the prompter in playing his last part. *It was well done.* kindly hands prepared him for his last resting place, and many an honest tear dimmed the eye ere it dropped on the grave, from whence we trust will spring flowers which will bloom as brightly and enduring, as his memory is in the hearts of those who loved him. *Peace to his ashes.* M. S., U. S. A.

IN MEMORY
OF
HERBERT C. PARDEY.
"May I come again? I've wandered far,
Lured by the light of a fading star.
Friends, remove the wreath from my aching brow;
Weep not, I return to my father now."
At a meeting of the Dramatic Company and attaches of the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., held in the Green Room, for the purpose of expressing their respect for the memory of their late Stage Manager, HERBERT C. PARDEY, the following Preamble and Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—
Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to call from among us our friend and brother, and in order that we, the Dramatic Company and attaches of the "Defiance Theatre," may in proper form give expression to our regret, and the loss we deplore, and our heartfelt sympathy with his mourning parents and brothers,
Therefore be it Resolved, That in the death of HERBERT C. PARDEY, the profession has lost one of its brightest ornaments, and this company a true friend and warm hearted companion.
"He was a man, take him for all in all,
We shall not look upon his like again."
Resolved, That to mark our respect for his memory, we will wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.
Resolved, That we sincerely condole with his parents and brothers in the mournful dispensation which has fallen so suddenly upon them, and extend to them our heartfelt sympathy and esteem, and hope that
"After life's fitful fever,
He sleeps well"
Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased.
Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded for publication in the "NEW YORK CLIPPER."
Resolved, That the Dramatic Company and Managers of the "Defiance Theatre" return their greatful thanks to the citizens of Cairo, for their uniform kindness to our departed brother, and especially to H. Watson Webb, for his unremitting attention.
T. S. HOLLAND, President.
FRANK GRAHAM, Secretary.
COMMITTEE.
Selden Irwin, C. H. Tyler, C. G. Fyffe, Frank Graham, S. Chamberlain, A. G. Williams, A. A. Wood, J. Farrum, Erwin Gross, Frank Clark, W. Gross, Joseph Broenes, E. Hibbard, S. Chamberlain, J. Malone, A. C. Worthington, E. S. Thorpe, Milton Clark, Allen Boyer, T. Boyer, R. R. Young, J. Robbins, Fred Myers, Mrs. Frank Graham, Florence Bell, Kitty Fyffe, Miss Lizzie Noyes, Miss Warner. 37-1t*

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CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Dec 23, '61.

Christmas week finds the metropolis full of strangers, most of them from the rural districts, bent on having a "time" in the big city, and there is no fear of their being disappointed, for if there is any place outside of London where the elephant can be seen in all its colossal proportions, that place is the great city of New York. More than usual preparations have been made for the entertainment of our country cousins this year, and if the city is not richer by many thousands of dollars, after the holidays, it will be because the loose change of our visitors has been put away in a tight place. Theatres, music halls, minstrel halls, side shows, and trades people of all classes will experience the truth of that old couplet which says:

"Christmas comes but once a year,
But when it comes it brings good cheer."

All hail the day that ushered into existence the Saviour of the world. May its present anniversary herald into notice a saviour of our Union.

One sensation, not set down in the bills, took the town somewhat by surprise last week. It was the presentment of the Grand Jury against concert saloons. It takes strong ground against all such places of amusement, and calls for legislation upon the subject. Now, with the presentment itself we have little to do, and were it not for the manner in which this outcry against our music halls was brought about, we should content ourselves with a mere record of the fact; but where one class of managers unite to break down another class, we feel called upon to give expression to our sentiments upon the subject. Managers of our theatres and minstrel halls are said to be at the head of this movement to overthrow those cheap places of public amusement known as music halls and concert saloons. Petitions have been circulating in Broadway for some weeks past, the end and aim of which being the destruction of concert saloons. "Live and let live," is a good motto to live up to, and we should have been better pleased if the dramatic and minstrel profession had taken no hand in this foray upon another class of managers who are striving to earn a livelihood. It is true, as stated by the Grand Jury, that some of our concert saloons are conducted in a shameless manner; that some few of them, in fact are no better than houses of prostitution. We called attention to this very fact several weeks ago, but the authorities suffered them to exist, and by so doing have encouraged others to embark in the same illegal line of business; but because there *are* such, is no reason why the better conducted and respectable establishments should be broken up. Those that are illegal should have been noticed by the police long ago, and the evil would have been at once corrected; but the present movement, originated by the dramatic and minstrel profession, seeks to destroy all, good and bad; and yet those that pay licences, as most of our music halls do, have as clear a right to give entertainments, in their own peculiar manner, as our theatres have to give their's. The secret is this, music halls and concert halls threaten to interfere with the business of theatres and other places of amusement; their low rates of admission, the varied style of performances given, and the really clever abilities of some of the performers engaged, have had a tendency to draw away from the theatres many of their former patrons, and thus have injured those places in a very sensitive point. The increasing popularity of the comparatively new institution has created fears in the minds of some of the dramatic profession that the theatres may, eventually, if music halls continue to grow in favor as they have done, be made to assume a secondary position, financially, in our city amusements. It is their wish, therefore, that they should be broken up; and to this end, the so-called "immorality," and waiter girl system, of the concert saloon, is the masked battery from which "the enemy" direct their fire. "Waiter girls" are engaged to carry refreshments to those who may prefer to take a "nip" in their seats, rather than be jostled by a crowd of all sorts of people generally to be found in a bar-room. This is the extent of the offending of our first-class music halls. Are the theatres altogether free from the drinking business? We think not. Attached to nearly, if not quite every theatre in this city, is a bar-room, or, more properly speaking, "drinking saloon." Entrances to these saloons are, in some instances, actually connected with the auditorium, check takers being stationed at such entrances to pass and repass those who may be desirous of taking their "beverage." Some of these drinking saloons are frequented by the most notorious characters to be found in the city, and many a stranger has been relieved of a pocket-book or some valuable while "practising at the bar" of such theatrical "bar-room attachments." Indeed, in one or two of our theatres, we have seen liquor brought into the auditorium, and handed to purchasers in their seats. This is somewhat rare, but we have seen it done more than once. The charge of immorality brought against concert saloons, might, also, to a certain extent, be brought to bear against our theatres; for many of the "pretty ballet girls" that are made to do duty in low necked dresses and short skirts at the theatres, at so much per night, are no better, in a moral point of view, than some of those "pretty waiter girls" we are accustomed to see at music halls. Managers of theatres, when they find it to their interests, do not inquire into the moral character of their employees any more than music hall proprietors inquire into the virtuous standing of those *they* employ. In this respect they are both on a par. "Pretty waiter girls," with *long* dresses, are brought in as aids in the equipment of a music hall. In theatres, whole regiments of ballet girls are employed, and the more they display their nudity, the better, apparently, are they liked by both managers and people. Those ballet girls are generally chosen who have the finest forms, the prettiest faces, and the most symmetrical looking legs. Don't let us be squeamish, reader, but call things by their right names. When these theatrical ballet girls are once engaged "on their shape," they are expected to *perform* on their shape—to expose just as much of their shoulders and bosoms as the law allows—and to show their legs off to the best possible advantage. Any one who has attended our theatres knows these things to be true. Even some of our leading actresses are not above trying the fascinating powers of their charms upon the susceptibilities of the *habitues*. We know of men who go to theatres night after night, for no other purpose than to gloat upon the exposed charms of their favorites. The same thing may be said of music halls, but we refer more particularly to theatres, because *they* have taken ground against the "immorality" of concert saloon entertainments. Another thing; these "immoral exhibitions" of female legs and bosoms upon the stage of the regular theatre are *given before ladies and children*, and often call a blush to their cheeks; whereas, the same style of exhibition on the concert saloon stage are given in the presence of the male sex, only, who don't know how to blush. Therefore, we say we object to the mode and the means by which the war upon concert saloons was conceived, and is being conducted. There are some abuses in the concert business which should be remedied, it is true; but they are such as existing laws will reach without seeking for additional legislation. If it becomes necessary, let the waiter girl system be dispensed with, and let the bar-rooms be conducted on a plan similar to that in vogue at the theatres. With these entertainments, then, there can be no reasonable objection; for they are as free from immorality, as some of the performances at our theatres. It is probable that the petitions in circulation for signatures on Broadway, will be forwarded to Albany on the assembling of the Legislature in January, and no doubt strong efforts will be made to have some sort of law rushed through, doing away with the concert saloon business in this city. Managers of respectable halls should, in their own defence, take

some action in the matter; and those who are violating law and decency had better mend their ways, and endeavor to conform to what is right and proper. In Brooklyn, on Friday night, all the concert saloons were closed by the police; but this, we hear, was owing to their having no license, which is not the case in New York.

The Hanlon feat—Zampillaerostation—was given at the Academy of Music all last week, in the presence of large audiences, the fair sex losing sight of their usual timidity where danger is connected with a performance, and turning out in large numbers to witness the graceful and daring young gymnast in his beautiful aerial act. In our notice of this feat, in our last, we mentioned that there was but little fear of injury to the performer even should he fail in catching either of the swings. This we had verified on Tuesday evening last, when Mr. Hanlon twice in succession missed the second trapeze, and fell to the platform, the second time alighting upon his back; but he immediately recovered himself, and in a third attempt successfully accomplished the most difficult part of the performance. He was not injured by his fall, the platform being well cushioned from end to end. The applause he received at the finish of the exhibition was even longer and louder than he otherwise would have received. And now let us inquire if the speculation, pecuniarily, is a success. Our opinion is that it *is not* although, as we said before, the attendance has been large. In the first place, Niblo's would have been the better house to draw, for the Academy of Music is in an out of the way location, while the former is in one of the most frequented parts of Broadway. It will be remembered that we touched upon this matter when the arrangement was first made. In the next place the very *profuse distribution of free tickets* has filled the house with people, but has not added to the value of the treasury box. Hundreds and hundreds who have passed in on complimentary tickets would have paid their money to see Hanlon and Zampillaerostation. Hundreds of others, hearing that free tickets were plenty in the market, "held off," in the hope that they, too, might come across the distributing forces, and thus be enabled to pass in free. The Hanlon Brothers, who are comparatively strangers among us, are not to blame for this wholesale free distribution of tickets of admission. With outside or business arrangements, they seem to have had nothing to do; that part of the speculation being in the hands of other parties, who do not appear to have "worked up" the affair to a very successful paying point. We are borne out in our opinion by the announcement that this week will witness the end of the Hanlon performances for the present; it is possible that the time may be extended to New Year's evening. Under better auspices, "Zampillaerostation" should yield the brothers Hanlon a large surplus over expenses, and after they shall have visited one or two of our large cities, we hope to see them with us again, when, in addition to the graceful act upon the triple trapeze, they may be induced to give us a series of other beautiful gymnastic and acrobatic entertainments. We understand that their agent is in Boston, making arrangements for their appearance in that city.

The business at Laura Keene's was frightfully bad last week, and the closing exhibition of the "Seven Sons" was given on the 21st, the show having reached its one hundredth night. The theatre will be closed to the public this evening, for the purpose of having a night rehearsal of the holiday pieces to be brought out on Christmas eve.

Pantomimes will be the appropriate features for the holiday season at Broadway Music Hall, the first performance of the new Harlequinade called "Fortune's Frolic; or, Harlequin and the Genius of Spring," being up for this evening; Tony Pastor as Clown; Julian Kent as Harlequin; Ben Cotton as Pantaloon; and Miss Ernestine de Faiber as Columbine. The scenery and appointments are new, and some splendid novel effects will be introduced. The Harlequin will have several leaps in his part of the business, while the Clown and Pantaloon will know no let up in the fun and merriment with which the piece abounds. Mons. La Thorne has had this piece in preparation for some time, and has given his personal attention to every department connected with it.

We hear rumors said to have come direct from London, that Mr. Dion Bourcicault has taken down the stars and stripes from his Adelphi Theatre, in London, and raised in its place the stars and bars of the Southern Confederacy. We think that the rumor may prove to be unfounded, for we can scarce believe such a thing of a man who owes his present position to the kindness and patronage of the people of the Northern section of the United States. We shall wait for further information before placing confidence in this reported flagitious action.

The National Concert Saloon has changed hands, Messrs. Fox & Curran disposing of the establishment to other parties. It is in a rough neighborhood, and it is hardly probable that any other than a rough can run the machine with any chance of success.

The legitimate drama at the New Bowery was unquestionably a legitimate success, and as far as the rendition of the characters of the Shakespearian dramas that were presented, is concerned, the patronage the enterprise met with was well deserved. But the stage arrangements, in the way of scenery, and the inferior class of characters represented, was not in accordance with the excellence displayed in the leading parts, or with the usual ability of the managers in their getting up of dramatic entertainments at this house. The admirable acting of Mr. E. L. Davenport was the feature of the performances, and the able assistance he received from Messrs. J. W. Wallack, Nunan, Boniface, and others of the company, including the clever personations of the female characters by Mrs. Wallack, Mrs. Jones, and Miss Hathaway, largely contributed to the great success attendant upon the experiment. The combination closed their engagement here on the 21st. This week equestrian drama will have possession of the stage.

We got in at Bryants' one night last week, and actually had a seat on one of the benches placed in the middle avenue, but the enormous size of the bonnets worn by the ladies now-a-days, prevented our seeing much of the show. If the women go on in this way, building up the front of their head gear, we shall certainly raise a rebellion, and petition to have a law passed compelling the ladies to take off *their* hats, as well as the men. For Christmas week, a burlesque on Herrmann, the magician, will be resuscitated. The houses were so full last week that quite a number of ladies were obliged to take shelter in the gallery; something not often witnessed at minstrel halls.

Attention is called to the advertisement of Harry Hargood, who has recently returned from England, where he acted as agent for Rumsey & Newcombe's Minstrels.

Photographs of prominent actors, actresses, minstrels, dancers, sporting characters, etc., etc., may be obtained of O. A. Roorbach, 122 Nassau street. For list, see advertisement.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst., "Up at the Hills" was brought out at Wallack's, for the first time in this city. The attendance was pretty good, about a two-third house. The new comedy passed off remarkably well. At times it was a little tedious, but altogether it is quite an interesting little piece. The principal parts were taken by Mrs. Hoey, Miss Henriquez, Miss Morant, Mr. Charles Fisher, Mr. Floyd, and Mr. Sefton. The scene lies in India, and a couple of pretty Indian scenes added to the interest of the play. We have not space to give a sketch of the plot in this issue. Mr. Charles Fisher was capital in the part of Major Stoneyhurst, and were it not that the character is that of an *unscrupulous* sort of a fast man, and a ladies man, we presume Lester Wallack would have appeared in it himself. The villainous portion of the *role* might have compromised *him* in the estimation of the patrons of the theatre; so Mr. Fisher was cast for it; it couldn't hurt *him*, you know; and we doubt much whether the impersonation lost anything by the substitution. Mrs. Hoey looked wicked in her hostile interview with the Major, and if we did not know better, we should set her down for a common scold. She acted her part well. Miss Henriquez, to our mind, was out of her element in the Indian character entrusted to her; and Mr. Reynolds, in *his* part, wasn't much. He wasn't dressed in very good "store clothes," either, and looked very much like a seedy lawyer. Floyd must be a little green, in reality, for he gave a very clever characterization of a soft and verdant youth. John Sefton, as Dr. Macdervett, was favorably received; he contributed a full share towards the success of the piece. The others were passable. "Up at the Hills" is good for a change, but it will not run long. It was tried in Philadelphia a short time since, but failed. It will be given at Wallack's during the present week.

Niblo's will be occupied this week by Herrmann, the magician.

"Fox in a Fix" is the title of a burlesque just produced by Hooley's Minstrels. We have not seen it, and therefore cannot speak as to its merits.

Three performances are announced for Christmas, at the Circus, old Bowery Theatre. Regular holiday entertainments will be given, both in the ring and on the stage. A new Harlequinade is announced. The old house will be crowded on Christmas.

Business at the Winter Garden continued most excellent last week. On the 19th, the new spectacle of the "Lakes of Killarney, or the Brides of Glengariff," was produced, and, barring the usual allowances for a first night, may be said to have been successful. It was received with signal marks of favor and approbation. Some alterations and improvements have been made in the piece since the opening performance, and it is now said to be still more entertaining. Like most spectacles, it has its good and bad features; scenic effects, and songs and dances tending to keep up the interest where the real plot of the piece might fail. Of one thing it is certain, and that is, it pleases the audiences, as may be easily seen. It will be repeated during Christmas week, in connection with other novelties. Two weeks more will finish this successful engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, when they will be followed by Mr. J. S. Clarke. The Winter Garden has been more successful of late than any of the other theatres.

Among the novelties in preparation at American Music Hall, 444 Broadway, is Charley White's comic pantomime of "Scampini," full of fun and comic bits. At this favorite hall the business is very large, and the entertainments offered seem to give great satisfaction.

Barnum's Show piece for the holidays is called "Ondina, or the Spirit of the Waters." The grand scenic exhibition to be introduced, and called the "Bower of Beauty," is the same that was introduced in "The Tempest," at Mr. Wheatley's Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, some time since; and in dressing for which the painful calamity occurred which ended in the death of the Gale sisters and a number of others. As far as our experience goes, it is the most beautiful scenic exhibition ever put upon the American stage. Mr. Randall, who brought it out for Mr. Wheatley, will superintend its presentation at the Museum.

At Canterbury Music Hall, a new pantomime is to be introduced, well calculated to amuse pleasure seekers during the holidays. "Music hath charms" is fully verified at this house, as it is visited by hundreds of people to listen to the vocalizations of the Clifford Sisters, and Sig. Abecco, in the song of "Our Good Ship Sails To-night." The ballet is also well kept up, and Mlle Marietta Ravel and Miss Adelaide Price "lead the dance." Don't miss seeing the many dance unravelled by the Misses Ravel and Price, at any price.

The Brooklyn Academy of Music will be opened for a series of "select dramatic performances" this evening. The company is well selected, generally speaking, and should attract paying houses. The following is a list:—Messrs. E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, Jr., Thomas Placide (?), Mark Smith (?), J. H. Allen, G. H. Andrews; Mrs. J. W. Wallack, Jr.; Mrs. Julia Bennett Barrow; and others.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

Mr. Neafie made his first appearance in Rochester, since his return from Europe, on the 16th, at the Metropolitan Theatre. His opening piece was the Indian tragedy of Metamora; Mrs. Cantor appearing as Mrs. Metamora, and Mrs. Effie Ethler as Oceana.

The prices of admission to the Providence, R. I., Theatre, are very reasonable, ranging from 15 to 37½ cents. They have been doing the "Three Fast Women," which seems to have tickled the Providence folks amazingly. The female minstrel scene was introduced.

Miss Annie Rush, who seems to be quite a favorite in Philadelphia, had a benefit on the 13th, at Klein's Exchange Concert Saloon in that city. The house was crowded to excess with the admirers of the lady, who, in return for their patronage, sang more pleasing and beautiful than ever. Rhody Maguire is the stage manager of Klein's. The proprietor is striving earnestly to make his saloon worthy of general patronage.

George Christy has not done very well during his stay in Washington. The dimensions of the stage upon which George's party have been performing are said to be ten by fifteen, with seven performers seated on it, and George and the balance hanging out on the sides. This is crowding George off a little, isn't it?

The new theatre in Washington, D. C., it is expected will be opened by manager Ford towards the latter part of February. He will, probably, run the stock company for a while, or he may have a short season with Forrest, should that gentleman have nothing better in hand at the time. It is to be hoped that Mr. Ford will get together a *good* stock company with which to entertain the heads of the nation, including "Abraham's daughter."

Mr. Walter Benn, who has recently returned from London, where he was a member of the Princess' Theatre, last season, will shortly make his first appearance since his return, at Mr. F. E. Aiken's New Bedford Theatre, which establishment was opened for a season on the 9th inst. Mr. Benn will open in Mr. Fechter's version of "Ruy Blas."

There are said to be two places of amusement in operation in Richmond, Va., viz: the Theatre, and Metropolitan Hall. Miss Ida Vernon made her first appearance at the theatre on the 2d inst. Ida is not forgotten by the North-men, perhaps. At the other place the Partington Sisters were performing. What will *Mrs.* Partington say to that?

The Defiance Theatre at Cairo, Ill., for the last few weeks has been doing a good business. The attraction has been generally melodramas of the military order. Several accessions have been made to the company. Among them are Mr. S. I. Irwin and T. S. Holland. On the 14th inst. the drama of "Jessie Brown" was revived, with new scenery and effects, and in which the soubrette, Mrs. Frank Graham, personated her favorite part of Jessie. Gen. McClernand and other military dignitaries had secured the private boxes for the opening. Mrs. Maria Ransforth makes her first appearance there this week.....Things military were assuming a decidedly warlike appearance. A large fleet of gun boats were anchored in the river, and troops were pouring in hourly. The forces slept on their arms on the 13th. They evidently expect an attack, and great preparations are being made for the great expedition against Columbus.

William B. English has metamorphosed the National Theatre, Boston, into one of the largest and most commodious establishments in Massachusetts. The opening is said to have been quite an ovation, and it is now in the full tide of operation with a full company, consisting of Mr. Constantine, ballet master; Fred May, vocalist; Tim West, bufo singer; A. St. Johns, Harrett, Clifford, St. John, Quinn, and Professor Loussitt, Ethiopian performers; the Nelson Brothers, acrobats; Annie Chester, Eveilna, Mdlles. Rosa and Robinson, dancers; Sig. Henrico, acrobat; and a full *corps de ballet*. W. H. Chester is stage manager, and A. Constantine, ballet master. Constantine has already got up several pantomimes.

Adah Isaacs Menken had a grand rush at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the occasion of her opening there on the 9th, the dress circle, parquet, and galleries being crowded, and the lobbies and entrances being also blockaded. Adah was received with a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm, such, as a contemporary remarks, as an old stager would have given a week's salary to receive.

Mr. Collins closed his second week at the Academy of Music, Milwaukee, on the 14th.

Frank Diamond and Wash Norton were performing at Canterbury Hall, Brighton, Eng., at last accounts.

Shakspeare was once performing the part of a king in one of his own tragedies. Standing near the queen's box, and having given orders to the attending officers, Elizabeth, wishing to know whether he would depart from the dignity of the sovereign, at that instant dropped her handkerchief, when the mimic monarch immediately exclaimed:—

"But ere this be done,
Take up our sister's handkerchief."

Herbert C. Pardy, son of the author of "Nature's Nobleman," and late stage manager and leading man of the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., departed this life at 3 o'clock, P. M., on Tuesday, 10th inst. His death, which was caused by hemorrhage of the bowels, has cast a gloom over the members of the company, and his acquaintances generally. He was a promising young actor, and by his good qualities had endeared himself to those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

The theatre at Hartford, Conn., was opened by Thomas Hampton on the 16th inst., according to announcement, a very fair audience being in attendance. The company consists of Messrs. G. E. Wilson, E. W. Watson, George S. Parks, C. H. Clark, N. D. Jones, W. H. Chandler, Bailey Cross, Lucius Farmer, Edward Stewart, Thomas Hampton, Agnes Hampton, Annie Hyatt, Belle Stewart, Josephine Walker, and Little Emma. Stock pieces were run last week. This week Miss Annie Senter is the star. She will play two weeks in the legitimate, and will be followed by Mr. and Mrs. Waller, and other popular stars. The theatre is said to be a beautiful place.

J. H. Reynolds, balladist, and general performer, is now engaged at Melodeon Concert Hall, Milwaukee; Miss Eloise De Vernon has also been added to the company. T. L. Fitch has left.

Mr. and Mrs. Florence succeeded Yankee Bierce at the Theatre Royal, Belfast, on the 24 inst.

The Christy Minstrels, now on their annual provincial tour in Great Britain, will resume their entertainments in London, in February.

The benefit given by the Holman Troupe, for the volunteers of Indianapolis, on the 13th, was a success, the house being crowded. One of the features of the entertainment was the performance of several favorite airs, upon the flute, by Miss Ella V. Mayhew.

After giving one hundred and twenty four consecutive entertainments in Liverpool, Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels had started on a tour through the principal cities and towns of England, Ireland, and Scotland.

A patriotic drama, written by a young lady of San Francisco, Cal., was to be produced at the Metropolitan Theatre on the 16th ult. The present civil war forms the text of the production.....The "Seven Sisters" were still "on their legs" at Maguire's Opera House, at last advices. It has been localized, somewhat, and a tableau representing the death of Col. Baker has been introduced.....On the 14th ult., Chas. Dillon appeared as Macbeth at the Metropolitan; C. R. Thorne as Macduff; C. R. Thorne, Jr., as Malcolm; Mrs. Stark as Lady Macbeth, and Mrs. Thorne as 1st Singing Witch.....Two tight rope ascensions were made at Hayes Park, on the 14th ult., by Angelo Chiarini.....Mlle. Lamereaux and Miss Lotta were the cards at Gilbert's Melodeon.....Marian Lee, Sallie Thayer, Nellie Cole, and Messrs. Thompson, O'Neil, Connor, and Allen were at the Bella Union.....'Ten Hours in New York," a piece of the sensational order, was being condensed into much less time, to the gratification of the audiences at Marshall's National.....Chas. Dillon took a benefit at the Metropolitan on the 15th ult.; "Ingomar" and "Wild Oats" were the pieces performed.

At the Gayety Music Hall, Albany, last week, the managers brought out a representation of the naval scene of the bombardment of Hilton Head, a new tableau; also of the rebels surrendering their arms to the Federal troops. The programme of this establishment exhibits a very attractive and varied bill of fare, comprising singing, dancing, minstrelsy, gymnastic and acrobatic feats. Miss Jennie Johnson, Miss Frank Rivers, and Mlle Leonora are underlined.

Chapman & Co.'s Union Show have been travelling through Wisconsin, and were, at last accounts, at Fon Du Lac. The concern consists of Mons. Martenia, wire performer and juggler; and Signor Girard, Italian wizard, harpist, warbler, and whistler. Tickets of admission to the show, 25 cents; soldiers and children, 15 cents. Most all of those who attend belong to the two latter classes.

A sensation drama, entitled the Southern Rebellion, was put on the stage at the Pittsburgh Theatre last week, Manager Henderson and his wife taking the principal characters.

P. H. Seamon & Co.'s Varieties will open at Wieting Hall, Syracuse, N. Y., on Christmas day. The troupe consists of P. H. Seamon, Yankee, Irish, Dutch, and negro comedian; Mrs. P. H. Seamon, Yankee gal and dancer; Master Charley Seamon, gymnastic, acrobat, and jig dancer; the Kincade family; Johnny Gilroy, gymnast; H. V. Scott, wire walker and juggler; Prof. L. Kinney, violinist. From Syracuse they go to Auburn, Utica, Oswego, etc.

Collins is only drawing middling houses at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago. The Colleen Bawn, it seems, is pretty well worn out there. Mr. Collins' "Union Musical Melange" is good, and takes well.

Madame Matilda Crivelli, Sig. Achille Ardavani, Sig. Garibaldi, and Mons. Alexander Wolonski, gave a concert in Cincinnati last week, in Union Hall.

A brick amphitheatre, capable (so the Washington papers say) of seating 8 000 persons, under the direction of Tom King, will open on the 23d, at Washington, D. C. The following names have been announced in the Washington papers: Don Santiago Gibbonoise, Sam Long, Wm. H. Rowland, Mr. Smith, John Conkling, Wm. T. O'Dell, Mlle Viole Latorte, Madame Camille, Miss Eloise, Madame Marie, Mlle Virginia, Little Minnie, H. Bernard, Wm. Kincade, F. Tournaire, Philo Nathans, Frank Whittaker, T. Aymar, Dan Gardner. Dan Rice is posted to appear Jan 6th.

The Seven Sisters, in Washington, with Susan Denin as the brightest of the seven, are drawing equal to a Havana Lottery.

Frank Brower is in Washington.

A panorama illustrative of the rebellion is on exhibition in Harrisburgh, Pa. It was painted by a young Harrisburgher named Davis.

On Monday night Miss Lucille Western made her fifty-sixth appearance at the Holliday, Baltimore. Never has such excitement been created among play-goers in Baltimore, as has been created by Miss Lucille during the time she has been in that city. A few days since, the Baltimore *Sun*, speaking of her, styled her the "best loved pet of the public." Her new engagement does not expire until the 31st of December.

In Richmond, Va., there are two theatres and three concert saloons in full blast.

The "Southern Harmonions" are giving concerts in Norfolk, Va. They recently fulfilled an engagement of one hundred nights, in Richmond.

Barnum exhibits a branch of his Museum, this week, in Philadelphia. He has fitted up a hall in Chestnut, above Tenth street, where he will show the "What Is It?" Sea Lion, Albino Family, etc.

In Norfolk, Va., the ladies have leased a large hall, and are giving a series of tableaux for the benefit of the soldiers. The ladies style themselves members of the "F. F. V.," and take to short dresses and low necks as naturally as a duck does to water. In times of peace, such doings would shock the nerves of the F. F. V's, but now their secesh notions of exposing their legs and bosoms are looked upon as a necessity.

Frank Dobson is in Baltimore, giving lessons on the banjo.

Forrest's performances in Philadelphia continue to attract immense audiences. Our correspondent "Young Rapid," writing under date of Dec. 20 gives us the following report of business in the Quaker City:—FRIEND QUEEN—At the Academy, Edwin Forrest is doing a big business; never since this popular place of amusement first opened has there been such crowds of people as nightly witness the representations of Mr. F. On Monday evening last he appeared as King Lear, and on Wednesday evening as Jack Cade; on which occasion hundreds were turned away, unable to find standing room. This evening he repeats his truly wonderful performance of Richelieu, and on Saturday evening Jack Cade. On Tuesday and Thursday evenings and Saturday afternoons Cubas appears and goes through her Spanish dances.....The Arch is doing a moderate business only. On Tuesday evening, the fair lessee, Mrs. John Drew, took a benefit, and the house was crowded from top to bottom; two-thirds of those present being ladies, comprising the beauty and fashion of our city. At the close of the piece Mrs. D. was called out, and made a very nice speech. Shakspeare's beautiful comedy of "Love's Labor Lost," which has been in rehearsal for some time, will speedily be produced at this house, from plans, &c., sent from England by Mr. John Drew. Mr. Drew is expected home about the 10th of January, to join the forces at this theatre. He is a great favorite in Philadelphia. It is really a pleasure to see how admirably and orderly everything is conducted on the stage at the Arch; the most intricate scenes, groupings, dances, tableaux, etc., are all given with the most surprising accuracy. No stage waits, or long intervals between the acts, are to be met with here, thus showing that the stage-manager, and the company generally, are all determined to do their utmost to please their patrons. Next, of course, to talented performers, order and system at a theatre are the most essential points of success, and these requisites are all found in an eminent degree in the Arch Street Theatre management and company. The box keepers, and other officers in front of the house, are also entitled to a due share of notice; they have at times onerous and thankless duties to perform—duties which try a man's patience to the utmost. They are, however, always civil and polite, and those who visit the Arch may be always sure of the utmost attention being paid to their comfort and accommodation, which they did not receive from the *attaches* of this house last season.....The Walnut has principally been devoted to benefits and "first appearances" during the present week. On Monday, Miss Alice Placide Mann made her first appearance in this city as Miami, in "Green Bushes," and Lady Scraggs, in "Sketches in India." Her performances were marked by a decided failure. She appeared on Wednesday evening for the third and last time, as Pauline, in "Lady of Lyons," and the "French Spy." On Tuesday evening, Mr. Edwin Adams, a great favorite with the *habitues* of the Walnut, took a benefit, and appeared as Hamlet. I was not present, but I have heard it praised as a masterly performance, and reflecting great credit upon this rising artist. On Thursday evening, Mr. Setchel, the very popular low comedian from the Boston Howard Athenæum, made his first appearance in this city as John Thomas, in the laughable play of "The Four Phantoms." Throughout the entire piece he kept the audience in one continual roar of laughter, and the success he met with was very flattering. He remains here only three nights, Saturday night being his last. This evening Mr. B. Young takes his benefit; he is quite a favorite, and will be rewarded with a good house. On Monday evening next Mr. John S. Clarke commences a short engagement, opening in a new piece, entitled, "Message from the Sea."...On Sunday last, Miss Clara Reed and Mr. Pennoyer, both connected with the Walnut Street Theatre, were united in marriage. The fair Clara was only married a short time since to a member of the Ravel Troupe, and is the mother of a darling baby.....Wheatley's Continental Theatre is still running. "The Cataract of the Ganges," but I believe 'Forty Thieves' will be brought out on Monday next, introducing a full stud of horses. On Tuesday last Mr. Wheatley took a benefit, Mr. John S. Clarke volunteering, and appearing as Toodles. Mr. Wheatley's stay at the building is drawing to a close. Having taken the building when it was completely run down, and every one afraid to touch it, and after laboring hard to place it upon a respectable footing, the owner, Mr. E. P. Christy, comes forward and demands an increase of rent after New Year's day. This Mr. Wheatley has refused to accede to, and consequently will close the theatre within two weeks, after which it will either be used as a lager bier saloon or for an equestrian company, for the legitimate drama can never succeed in it. Mr. Christy will not profit by this "advance on Wheatley".....The Alhambra Concert Saloon opened on Saturday, 14th, with a house crowded in every part, hundreds being turned away. This saloon would be the most popular in the city (from its fine location) were a really talented company engaged. With very few exceptions, the vocalists and dancers are not good. Mr. Miller, the proprietor, is a gentleman not very well posted in that business, and is tormented by a number of people about his place who are continually advising him what to do, while he, a well meaning and good-natured man listens and acts accordingly. Let him act for himself, and take good care of his business, or he will go out of this saloon, in less than three months, a ruined man. He must engage good talent, cut short the dead head business, that has already been carried to a great extent—particularly by professionals connected with other saloons—and listen to the advice of none but those he knows wishes his success.....Butler's Olympic is pursuing the even tenor of its way, drawing crowded houses every night. The fact is, Butler engages nothing but the best of talent both in the capacity of artists on the stage, and the "beautiful young ladies" that serve you with lager and a cigar. The only place of amusement that seems affected in the least is Frank Rivers' Melodeon, and with him, except on benefit nights, business is falling off wonderfully. The great attraction offered by Butler draws all of Frank's old customers.

The Buckleys were advertised to appear in Rochester on the 16th, 17th, and 18th.

The Canterbury, Washington, continues to attract its throngs. Frank Brower, Dick Parker, Billy Pierce, Harry Fox, W. B. Harman, Emma Miles, Mlle. La Foile, and Carrie La Mont, are among the company.

The Swiss Bell Ringers appeared at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, on the 24th.

Wyman and Herrmann are announced to appear in Baltimore this and next week; a jolly time between them is expected.

The Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, under the management of George Kunkell and Thomas Maloney, as announced in our last, opened on Thursday night, 19th inst., to an immense house, John Owens being the star. The following constitute the company:—Miss Charlotte Thompson, Mrs. A. Hind, Misses Effie Germon, Julia Nelson, Clara Mason, Sallie Eldridge, and Eugenia Cooke; Messrs. R. S. Meldrum, H. B. Phillips, T. J. Hind, W. Baker, J. B. Rogers, T. E. Owin, F. S. Ashbury, A. Goodwin, and B. F. Hooper.

On Thursday night, 19th inst., the Kunkles had what is known as a "high old time" at the Baltimore Museum, it being the 100th night of their engagement. The building was illuminated, and adorned with thousands of colored lights and flags.

James Robinson is with Dan Rice in Cincinnati.

At Montpelier, Vt., Allen's Tableau Company are performing. On the 17th inst., they produced the Hon. D. P. Thompson's work "May Martin, or the Money Diggers of Vermont."

Gen. Tom Thumb attended a wedding recently in Canada West, in which the "happy pair" were only a few inches taller than himself. Tom enjoyed the honor and felicity of giving the bride away—Miss Elizabeth Carter—34 inches high and 24 years of age. The bridegroom—Mr. Charles H. Richardson—is three feet high and 28 years of age.

The opening of the New Opera House, in Buffalo, caused no little excitement in that city. The inauguration took place on Monday evening, 9th inst., and a brilliant affair it seemed to have been. "Il Trovatore" was given by the following artistes:—Misses Isabella Hinckley, and Louisa Kellogg. Madame Strakosch, and the Signors Brignoli, Susini, Barilli, Mancusi, and Carl Anchutz, musical director. They played to good "biz" for nine nights, Wednesday, 18th, being announced as the last night.....The dramatic company, under Mr. Isaac C. Pray's management, are announced for Monday evening, 23d inst., in Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The following is a list of the artists engaged:—Mesdames Augusta Page, H. A. Perry, J. Biddles, and Burroughs; the Misses Lizzie Emmons, Adele Hyde, Lannier, Ashton, and Ellinwood; Messrs. N. V. Lingham, Mark Smith, [Mark Smith is also announced to appear at the Brooklyn Academy this week. In Philadelphia he was not permitted to perform at all—now he is up for two places in the loyal State of New York. He must be well up in double parts.] Charles Hale, J. Biddles, J. R. Spackman, Henry B. Hudson, I. C. Pray, C. B. Reynolds, H. G. Clarke, George Smith, and J. R. Pope.....Miss Annette Ince has been doing only a middling business at the Metropolitan Theatre, Buffalo, owing to the rush to the New Opera House. She is followed by Mr. Neafie. They then bring out the Chinese spectacle of "Aladdin," with new and splendid scenery, costumes, and costly properties.

A self-styled showman has been coming the "prestidigitateuring" dodge over the people of San Francisco, Cal., recently. We append the particulars from the *Morning Call*, of Nov. 20. "A young Mexican, named Avalos, who, after swindling a number of parties in this city, in the garb of an agent for a circus company, was convicted of bigamy in this city, and but lately the recipient of the Governor's misplaced confidence, it appears is trying his old game on in the southern counties, from the following account in the Stockton *Independent*: 'A young man presented himself at the office of the Weber House on Tuesday last, and booked his name as E. Durant, but subsequently erased the latter name, and introduced that of Hernandez. He demanded the best sleeping apartment in the house for himself and wife, stating that the latter would arrive on the following day. He claimed to be here for the purpose of giving an acrobatic performance, in which he would be assisted by talented artists who would shortly arrive. On the following day his wife (so alleged) arrived, and the twain occupied the apartments provided for them. Being short of means, he applied to the landlord and obtained a loan of $10, at the same time showing a telegraphic dispatch announcing the forthcoming of funds from San Francisco on the following day. At the time stated, he informed the landlord that his funds had arrived, and that he would cancel the loan during the day. In the meantime he applied at the livery stable of Messrs. Raynor & Patterson, and obtained a horse and buggy to drive out on the Sonora road, and left in company with his wife. On arriving at his destination, he returned the horse and buggy by another party, and has not since been heard from. While here he visited the theatre with a view to leasing it, as he stated, for the purpose of opening a cheap place of amusement, and also visited Turner's Hall, with a similar object in view. The landlord of the Weber is 'out, as far as heard from,' for cash advanced and the amount of board, say $25. Mr. Durant, alias Hernandez, may not be a swindler, but his movements have very much the appearance of one. If he should 'turn up' an honest man, he shall have the benefit of our local columns as a medium of publicity to the fact.'"

Another new theatre (the People's) has been opened in Denver City. It is under the management of Messrs. Langrishe & Dougherty, and the initial performance was given on Saturday evening, Nov. 30th, to a crowded auditory. The opening address was written and recited by Mr. O. J. Goldrich. For the benefit of those who seldom hear from that region of country, we give it entire:—

Pike's Peakers! All! From whatsoever climes
You've "crossed the Plains" to see or search the mines,
We greet you here to night!
And bid you welcome to the sight
And round of what may on this People's stage be done—
To present Virtue bright, or cause you Vice to shun,—
To show up nature's traits—'shoot folly as it flies,'
And 'catch the manners, living, as they rise!"
From Shakespeare's genius, and Ben Johnson's powers,
To grow and gladden, like the mead with showers,
As their high strains of inspiration roll,
Cheer up the heart, and elevate the soul,
And to your heart, and soul, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, truth, and love, and melody.

At every epoch on the world's page,
Civilization has been aided by the Stage.
From Sophocles of old, who in the Isles of Greece,
First produced plays with but a single piece;
From Cæsar's time, beneath St. Peter's dome,
When Roscius was the actor for Imperial Rome;
Down through the changes of the Saxon line,
The Drama's aim was always to refine;
A friend to Freedom and the virtuous cause,
A foe to tyrants and to unjust laws.

Now, who can tell, if, as the poets say,
"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way,"
But e'er some dozen moons shall wax and wane,
Our "People's" here shall prove a "Drury Lane,"
Where "stars" from London, Paris, New York and elsewhere,
May mount the "iron horse" and play a season here!
Behold what progress, and what change sublime,
Has here occurred within scarce three years' time,
Upon this brow of old St. Charles town,
Where late the Arapahoe and Cheyenne did frown
On "pale-faced" "pilgrims" who came here to seek
For shining chunks of gold in Cherry Creek,
Ere yet the Kansas boys had 'jumped' old Nichol's claim,
"Jayhawked" the "Saint" and "wrung in" Denver's name,
Now stands this temple—this Dramatic Hall,
A monument of taste—a source of pride to all,
Where Langrishe—the Lion of dramatic war,
And "Mike," the miner of Grass Valley Bar,
Have shown by works and enterprising zeal,
What two can do united, shoulder to the wheel.

We greet you here to-night, on Colorado's plain,
From every section of our vast domain,
Here, where, as yet, we stand alone on squatter's rights,
But stand, as yet, thank God, beneath the stars and stripes!
Here on this highway between the East and West,
'Neath peaks and mountains, from whose snowy crest,
The air of freedom, like the grace of God,
Falls on the citizen, and fructifies our sod,
Dispels disunion and its impious band,
From off this backbone of Columbia's land,
Here where our Gilpin, many years gone by,
Foretold our future with a prophet's eye,
And where young Fremont—the pathfinder bold,
With patriotism buoyant, and bravery yet untold,
Paved out the way for pioneers—for nations yet to come
Where, through God's aid, shall ever wave the flag of WASHINGTON!

A novel feature in an operatic performance recently occurred in the Queen's Theatre, Edinburgh, Scotland, in the scene of the second act, where Norma reproaches Pollio for his infidelity, and whose the latter rushes after the former towards the gong, Mdlle. Tietjens, in her impatience to strike the "sacred bronze," that "a new victim" might be revealed to the assembled Druids, bards, and warriors, by some mischance brought the mallet in *contact with the nasal organ of Signor Giuglini*, as Pollio, drawing first blood, and making a bleeding victim of him on the spot. The accident was not observed till a minute or two afterwards, when the signor, from loss of blood, had to retire. The fair cantatrice, evidently much disconcerted, could not proceed, and the curtain suddenly dropped, greatly to the astonishment of the audience, few of whom had noticed the occurrence. Mr. Wyndham immediately appeared, and explained that a slight accident had occurred to Signor Giuglini; and in a few moments the signor presented himself again, and, with the blushing priestess, brought the opera to a brilliant close.

Miss Amy Sedgwick has had some trouble with manager Chute, of the New Edinburgh Theatre, Scotland. Amy was engaged, it appears, for a "new and elegant theatre," but when she arrived there, she found it to be a circus merely, with a stage attached, and she refused to show. Thereupon Chute compelled her to "show cause," and Amy was obliged to fork over certain sposn to be relieved from her engagement. So a newspaper controversy ensued, manager Chute going in for big licks, and decrying that his "new and elegant theatre" is only a circus. Amy was short and sweet, twitting the manager upon the horsey aspect of his "elegant establishment;" both, as usual, apologizing to the printers for the space of their articles, but for which the printer did not care, in so far as every line was paid for as an advertisement.

Irish people have a strange way, sometimes, of showing their pleasure and gratification. Here is a case in point. During our charming little Patti's operatic performances in Dublin, the opera of Marta was announced for her benefit, and it was further announced that she would sing, not only "The last Rose of Summer," which belongs to the work, but also "Home, sweet Home," and a Scotch ballad, called "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town." The house was crowded to such an extent that numbers were unable to obtain admission. At the conclusion of the opera, the rapture of the audience had risen to its highest point, and when the *prima donna* was called forward, she was literally "pelted" with bouquets; but at this moment a circumstance occurred which produced a feeling of depression among those who were the immediate witnesses of it. Patti had made her final bow, and was just disappearing behind the curtain, *when a large glass bottle, flung, it was believed, from the upper gallery, fell upon the stage, and was shivered into a hundred pieces*. Had it been thrown one second sooner, the consequences might have been very serious, but fortunately no particle of the glass touched the lady, nor did anybody indeed suppose that *the act was intended as other than an outburst of wild enthusiasm which knew no limit*. The charming singer merely exclaimed "How very strange! Was there anything in it?" and in a very short time she was prepared to take her departure from the theatre. When she had reached the stage-door another scene presented itself which showed that the events of the night had not yet reached their grand climax. The weather was wet and stormy; but nevertheless a multitudinous throng had congregated outside, entirely filling the small street, and shouting with such determined energy, that the whole neighborhood was "frightened from its propriety." A street cab (not a private vehicle, as is usual on such occasions) had been provided for the lady, and when she made her appearance, she found that *the horse had been removed, and the mob now attached ropes to the shafts*. With the aid of these they dragged the vehicle from the theatre to Morrison's Hotel, several of the ringleaders mounting to the roof and others clinging to the back. The shouts of the populace followed them to their destination, and when they arrived there, they begged or rather insisted, that Madlle. Patti would address a few words to them from the balcony. This she very graciously agreed to do, and presenting herself in the balcony, notwithstanding the drenching rain, she thanked her Dublin friends cordially for their generous patronage, and showered upon them the bouquets she had previously received from the audience.

The last performance previous to their removal further South, given by the Actors among the Federal soldiers, prisoners, at Richmond, Va., took place on the 23d ult., on which occasion they produced an original play, entitled the "Golden Belt." A member of the company, belonging to the Eighth Regiment, N. Y. S. M., delivered the following prologue:—

The arts and sciences of modern times—
Alike in Northern and in Southern climes—
Are fast progressing in the present age,
And teach a lesson from the poorest stage.

So, even here, confined in Richmond Prison,
A corps of Yankee artists have arisen,
Who lately have discarded sword and gun,
And donned the buskins, ever fond of fun.

Thus, dark forebodings from their midst they banish,
And from their minds blue devils quickly vanish;
Success we know is doubtful, when the actors
Are minus funds to settle with contractors;
But, with the all p

KING DICK.

A TALE OF ST. LOUIS AND NEW ORLEANS.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
By C. L. BRIARMEAD.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LAST DEAL.

What the Papers Said—What King Dick Said—A Telegraphic Dispatch and a Morning Call—Good bye to New Orleans—That Watch of Mayfield's Gets into Bob's Pocket—King Dick Meets His Wife—Everybody Married or Otherwise Disposed Of—The End.

"DESPERATE AFFRAY.—We learn that a desperate affray took place last night in a low groggery situated in one of the streets in the lower part of the city. We have not been able to learn with certainty the origin of the affair, but understand that it was caused by an attempt to assassinate a stranger who had managed to stray into that quarter. Policeman Stevens, happening that way, entered with the intention of quelling the disturbance, and being assisted by a number of our efficient city guardians, was successful in the attempt, not, however, before it had resulted fatally to one man, who was stabbed in the breast by some person unknown. The deceased was none other than Mr. Christopher Marker, who has attained to some notoriety as an unscrupulous politician. The thanks of the city are due to Mr. Stevens and his associates for their prompt action. No arrests were made."

Such was the paragraph that met the eye of King Dick in one of the morning papers, as he glanced over it, on the day following the events detailed in the preceding chapter.

A smile passed over his face as he read it; for there was just about as much falsity as truth in the few lines just quoted. The "efficient policeman, Mr. Stevens," had gone into the affray for his own gratification, and to avenge the terrible wrongs done him by Marker. The blow stricken by him was mortal; the reckless, hardened Marker had dropped dead upon the spot. Paralyzed by this sudden deed, the crowd stood silent and motionless, whilst King, re-leaping the barrels, still carrying in his hand his revolver, joined his two allies, the three determinedly making a path through the crowd out into the street. Free, once more, to locomote, it did not take them long to place a dozen squares between them and the dangerous neighborhood. Separating from Jem Weston, who sought his boarding house, Stevens led on to a hotel, where, even at this late hour of the night, he secured the admittance of our hero. Here, too, it was that Bob Sterner, by chance meeting with the policeman, was by him directed to come. Giving Bob's hand a hearty shake, Dick inquired for Florence.

"She is safe enough. It took me to engineer things through. I followed directions close enough, and not hearing any row behind, I let the hoss strike a softer pace. I was most awfully afeard there wasn't any decent house to be got into at that time of night; but, as luck would have it, I got Miss Flo' safely under cover after some considerable palaver with a rayther sleepy-looking clerk. As soon as it was daylight, I started off to hunt you up, for I didn't know whether you were in the land of the living yet or not. What did you do after I left?"

"There is the account of it," responded King, handing to Sterner the paper, and pointing out the already quoted paragraph.

Bob gave vent to a long drawn whistle as he read it. "So he's dead! Who did the trick, Dick? Not you, for you don't carry anything in the knife line."

"Never mind about that, Robert, until we get out of the State. The less that is said just now the better it will be for us. But come with me, for I want to telegraph on to Lorrimer that Miss Mayfield is safe. It may not be convenient to leave to day, but I think we will start up the river to morrow."

Walking to the nearest office, King dispatched the message to his friend. Thinking it possible that he might soon receive an answer, he waited for about an hour. The answer came.

"I will meet you in St. Louis.—A. L."

Then our friend started off to call on his friend's friend, Florence Mayfield.

He found her, as Bob had stated, safely domiciled in a respectable hotel. She was still dressed in the black mourning, but the roses had now fully returned to her cheeks, and she looked more beautiful than ever, as with the sunniest of smiles she offered her hand to her rescuer.

Seated, the two for some time conversed. King did not tell her all that had transpired on the previous night, after she had left him under the protectorate power of Sterner, merely stating that there had been a disturbance, but a couple of friends happening that way he had come off scot free. Naturally, the conversation turned upon her abduction and the cause of it, and Dick began to make inquiries of her concerning her relatives, for he wished to be certain of his ground before he raised hopes which might not be destined to have a realization. Though not understanding at what he was driving, she answered to the best of her ability, though he found her knowledge to be in that direction not very extensive. He learned enough to justify him in repeating the bit of talk Bob had heard between Marker and the "fat man." She listened attentively as he pointed out the extreme probability that she was entitled to some large estate, and earnestly advising her to procure the assistance of some experienced lawyer, who might ferret out the particulars of the matter, and, if possible, obtain possession of it for her.

It may readily be supposed that Florence was not disposed to neglect this advice; and as it was always a principle with Dick to strike as soon as he resolved, the two immediately went forth to seek a skillful attorney. In good hands was the management of the case placed, and Mr. Sharpe expressed his determination of going into the case with a will, so soon as he could find the smallest clue by which to unravel its mysteries.

Whatever of interest was to be seen in New Orleans was seen that day, and by the next morning Miss Mayfield, King and Bob Sterner were ready to start on their northern journey.

They entered the steamer that was to convey them up the river—it was the same one on which Bob had originally taken passage on the down trip. For an hour or so Bob might have been seen promenading the deck; then he disappeared. Cautiously looking about to see that no one was observing him, he entered the passage where he had discovered the "plant" of Chris. Marker's. He marked the situation of the ledge, and reaching up he felt along it; when he drew his hand down it contained a watch.

"So much made by Chris. Marker," soliloquized Bob.

Concerning the run up the river there is no necessity to speak. Dick, being the travelling companion of a very pretty and very agreeable young lady, did not allow himself to get into any difficulties and even Bob Sterner was able to travel a thousand miles without once striking out from the shoulder.

Once in St. Louis there was a joyful meeting. Young Lorrimer had arrived there on the preceding day, and was anxiously awaiting the appearance of Florence. As we never could describe, with any effect, a sentimental scene, we draw the curtain over it.

Perhaps here would be the proper time to close this history; leaving the reader in pleasing doubt as to what was the grand finale to the scene. But there was a strange incident yet to occur, and so we add a few more words.

It was the evening of King Dick's second day in St Louis. He was sitting in one of the parlors of his hotel, when he received a note:

"RICHARD:—Will you call at the house in which you last met me, this evening. JANE."

He turned the note over and over, thinking long before he was able to make up his mind. Rising at length, he left the room and turned his footsteps in the direction of the place designated.

He was met at the door by a servant who ushered him into the parlor which he had so unceremoniously quitted but a few days ago. The room was vacant, but in a moment the door opened, and there entered the female with whom the reader has already had some acquaintance.

Her eyes were red with weeping, and her whole face gave evidence of a struggle that was passing within her.

In a low, sweet tone, somewhat broken by grief, she commenced: "I have sent for you, Mr. Kingsley, to make a few explanations, and then say good bye forever. To you my conduct may have seemed inexcusable and criminal to the last degree; yet have I some sort of excuse. We met, Mr. Kingsley, over five years ago. We seemed mutually pleased, and after a short courtship, we were married. You knew me then as a childless widow, well received in the circle in which you moved. I knew you as a promising young lawyer, talented, wealthy, and, perhaps, what the world might call "fast." Though you were well known in sporting circles, yet was your character good; and without any lengthened courtship, we were married.

"At that time, sir, I believed myself to be a widow. You never asked for full particulars, or they should have been given. Would to heaven they had been asked for.

"I had been married to a young man of then good character, who was not wealthy. My friends opposed the match, but it took place. Seized by the fever for gold, he left me behind and started for California. A year afterwards I met with an account of his death in a California paper. There is the paper, for I have preserved it."

Our hero took the proffered paper, read it in silence; then in a low tone, said:

"Go on."

"It was some time after this that we met and joined our fortunes. After a year of uninterrupted bliss, there came a sudden shock. One night you left me for a few hours; when you returned you saw an open window—heard a footstep on the pavement—but why repeat what followed? We parted.

"I tell you now, Richard, that that man was my husband. Unharmed, he had but lately returned from the land of gold. Watching his chance, he hid by stealth; and finding me retired, had by threats silenced any cries which I should choose to raise. He upbraided me with my unfaithfulness, and drawing a pistol, swore to kill me unless I took the oath which he prescribed to me. I did as he wished. I took the oath never to reveal anything of what had transpired, but to let things work naturally to an end, neither defending nor accusing any one, not even myself. His death absolves me from that oath, and I now make this explanation and declaration, that I never was legally married to you, but that since we joined hands, no other man than yourself has acted a husband's part. Living with Marker from necessity, since that terrible trial he has never been aught but a protector. The great and awful mistake was being introduced under my maiden name, instead of Marker. With this explanation given to satisfy myself and you, I have but one request to make, and that is, let me see our child once more, then I will retire from the world forever."

A strong arm encircled a slender waist, a firm mouth impressed kisses on rosy lips, manly eyes looked down into those of the woman with a tender glance, and Dick, in a tone soft as a woman's, ejaculated:

"Once more my own Jane."

She tried to draw herself away from the embrace; she averted her face; whilst a flood of tears burst forth.

"Come rest here, Jane," said he, seating himself upon the lounge and drawing her tightly to his breast. "Rest here, my own dear Jennie, for here is where you shall rest. Henceforth the world shall know me again as Richard Kingsley, and you shall know me as your own Richard."

Sitting there, with her head resting upon his bosom, under the soft radiance of the dimly burning light, love's first young dream was re-dreamed, and the reconciliation was complete.

Having married Lorrimer to Florence Mayfield, and rewedded King Dick to his wife, it but remains to be said that King Dick was King Dick no longer. Retaking his old position in society, he remodeled his conduct, and as junior counsel in the case of Florence against her unnatural uncle, acquitted himself admirably. The whole of Christopher Marker's property reverted to his wife, and had Lorrimer needed it—which he did not, for Florence's claim was ferreted out and sustained—Kingsley could have spared him twenty thousand dollars and never have felt it.

Frightened Bob, refusing proffered assistance from King Dick, lived for a term of years on his muscle, and finally joined a volunteer company, with which to go to Washington and fight for the Stars and Stripes.

What became of the "eccentric policeman" we cannot say; but we understand that Jem Weston finally went to California and made a bigger pile on the square, and kept it better, in one year, than he had done in a dozen, whilst operating on a cross.

Florence Mayfield's uncle lost his fortune in a commercial crisis, and is now living, if he be living, on his niece.

Concerning other characters that have been introduced, it is useless to speak. So we introduce one gentleman that is frequently met with in works, but always in this position—and that is,

THE END.

BURKE, THE BODY SNATCHER.

HIS OWN BODY "LYING IN STATE."

FROM a new English work, by Alexander Leighton, entitled "From the Court of Cacus or the Story of Burke and Hare," we extract the following: The earthly destiny of this man (Burke, the body-snatcher) was not yet finished—the celebration of justice did not terminate by the dispersion of the thirty thousand who had assembled (at his execution) in the hall of the goddess of nature's own arena. They knew that the goddess had other forms than that in which she sends down her fiery-eyed priestess Nemesis, even that in which she dispatches her moral retributions, and works them through her votaries, and that too, wherein she is called poetical justice. Had not this man sent a score of human beings to the dissecting room? Let it be that they served the purpose of physical science, might not he serve also the purpose of a moral cult? The College was surrounded by hundreds, whose curiosity prompted them to see once more, him who had immolated so many of their kind; Dr. Monro did not choose to run the risk of losing his subject, and the authorities were still afraid of a seizure, and so it was not till Thursday morning the body was removed from the Lock-up to the dissecting rooms of the College. At an early hour several men dedicated to science, and among the rest Mr. Liston, Mr. George Combe, and his opponent, Sir Wm. Hamilton, and Mr. Joseph, the eminent sculptor, went to have the advantage of an examination, before the rush of the students should put that out of their power. Mr. Joseph took a cast for a bust, and several amateur students gratified their curiosity by sketches. The body was that of a thick-set, muscular man, with a bull neck, great development about the upper parts, with immense thighs and calves, so full as to have the appearance of globular masses. The countenance, as we saw it, was very far from being placid, as was commonly represented, if you could not have perceived easily that there remained upon it the bitter expression of the very scorn with which he had locked upon the world which pushed him out of it, as having in his person defaced the image of his Maker. Laid upon the table, the body became the subject of a lecture by the professor, and, in order to implement the sentence of the court, without so much mutilation as would interfere with the object of future inspection, the investigation was limited to the brain, laid open by removing the upper part of the cranium; the part sawed off to be subsequently replaced, so that the division could scarcely be noticed. So far, all had proceeded in peace and with decorum; but the College was, by-and-bye, to be the scene of a renewed excitement. About half past two a body of young men, consisting chiefly of students, assembled in the area, and becoming clamorous for admission, it was found necessary to send for the police. Indignant at the opposition they had met with in the rooms, and still more angry at the conduct of the police, they made several sorties, in which they nearly succeeded in overpowering the opposition arrayed against them, at the same time that they smashed the windows at either side of the entry to the anatomical theatre. * * * Dr. Christison at length made his appearance with the olive, and intimated to the youths that he had made arrangements whereby they would be admitted to see the body of Burke in fifties, giving his personal guarantee for their good conduct. This intimation, which was in fact a victory—achieved, too, with a compliment to their honor—was received with loud cheers. But matters were not at all satisfactory outside in the street. The people had been restless all day. The sight of the hanging, in place of allaying their passion against Burke, seemed to have inflamed them into a desire to gloat their eyes on his remains; and many intimated their design, in the event of being defeated, of forcing an entry into the anatomical theatre, and dragging the body out, to tear it in pieces. To this the news of the success of the students inflamed them the more, but as it was now getting dark, and several scouts sent among them by the authorities having circulated the report that the magistrates and Dr. Monro would make arrangements for general admission to the anatomical theatre next day, the crowd began to separate. On Friday the arrangements were made for a grand public exhibition. The body of the hanged man was placed on the black marble table of the theatre, so as to be seen by the visitors as they passed from one door to another, from which they could get exit in another direction. Thousands took their way to the College, where they found the doors open, and the exhibition begun. There on the table lay the victim naked, with the part of the skull which had been sawed off so artistically restored that the mark of the junction could scarcely be observed. The spectacle was sufficiently ghastly to gratify the most epicurean appetite for horrors. There was as yet no sign of corruption, so that the death pallor, as it contrasted with the black marble table, showed strongly to the inquiring and often revolting eye; but the face had become more blue, and the shaved head, with marks of blood not entirely wiped off, rather gave effect to the grin into which the features had settled at the moment of death. However inviting to lovers of this kind of the picturesque, the broad chest that had lain with deadly pressure on so many victims—the large thighs and round calves, indicating so much power—it was the face, embodying a petrified scowl, and the wide staring eyes, so fixed and spectre like, to which the attention was chiefly directed. As the stream moved on with recurring pauses, when some, more intent than others, held back to have a moment or two's more time, it was curious to view the ever-varying emotions of the spectators. No one, so far as we could see, however nervous, either shut the eyes or turned them away altogether; nor could you detect a single trace of pity—the prevailing expression, a malign satisfaction, strangely and staringly returned, as it were, by the grin of the corpse, which had the advantage of eternal persistency. Extraordinary as all this moving scene was—and certainly nothing of the kind had ever been witnessed in Edinburgh before—it was rendered more so by the occurrence among the close stream of a few women, amounting in all, we understood, to seven or eight, who, having made their way up stairs, not perhaps with the intention of going altogether forward, were moved on and could not escape. The caught virgins, true to their nature, struggled so well in the net of their curiosity, that you would have said they were really anxious to get back, and yet somehow their struggles seemed unaccountably rather to help them on; but at any rate, it was certain they were modest, and shrank at the thought of the coming sight, for they held down their heads to avoid the stare of the men, and when they arrived at the point, only looked with a squint, sufficient at once for entire gratification as well as for immunity from the charge of not being feminine and delicate. It is doubtful, notwithstanding however influenced by the sense of the *nil dulsius quam omnia scire*, whether they would venture again upon such another Junovian venture; for the males, who reserve to themselves the exclusive right of witnessing such spectacles, bestowed on them such and so many tokens of indignation as might have cured them forever of their original sin. The numbers who supplied this continued stream may be judged of, when it is mentioned that by actual enumeration it was found that upwards of sixty per minute passed the corpse. This continued from ten in the morning till darkening, and as the crowd, when we saw it at three o'clock, was still increasing, as one told another of what he had seen, we cannot compute the numbers at less than twenty-five thousand persons; add to this those who had a private interview, and we arrive again at the number present at the execution, thirty thousand—a greater number than ever visited royalty lying in state, at least within the Kingdom of Scotland. Nor did the entire day suffice for the satisfaction of this curiosity. As many were ready the following day; but, to the disappointment of these, it was announced that all further ingress would be denied. One might have thought that the excitement, at least in so far as regarded Burke—for the other culprits were a precious reserve, whose fortunes might fill a volume of great interest—would have thus ended; but at that time the science of phrenology was in its zenith, the Combe and Hamilton controversy in full vigor; and so, next came the battle of the phrenologists and the old Scotch school of the mental philosophers. Burke's head, so ingenious in devising a new species of murder which should bear his immortal name, as well as in discovering a new estimate of the value of the human body, was measured and mapped into philoprogenitiveness, veneration, destructiveness, and all the rest, so as to be in all time coming, the example and test of the character possessed by the genuine *a priori and a posteriori* murderer. And it was a solemn occasion. The measurements were recorded and published. The accuracy of the mere figures was not denied, but the inferences were disputed with such acrimony, that the scientific battle commenced. "After this exhibition," says an eye witness, "Burke was cut up and put in pickle for the lecture table. He was cut up in quarters, or rather portions, and salted, and, with a strange aptness of poetical justice, put into barrels. At that time an early acquaintance and school fellow was assistant to the professor, and with him I frequently visited the dissecting room, when calling on him at his apartment at the College. He is now a physician in the Carse of Gowrie. He showed me Burke's remains, and gave me the skin of his *neck* and of the right arm. These I had *tanned*—the neck brown, and the arm white. The white was as pure as white kid, but as thick as white sheepskin, and the brown was like brown tanned sheepskin. It was curious that the mark of the rope remained on the leather after being tanned. Of that neck leather I had a tobacco dose made; and on the white leather of the right arm I got Johnson to print the portraits of Burke and his wife, and Hare, which I gave to the noted antiquarian and collector of curiosities, Mr. Fraser, jeweller, and it was in one of his cases for many years—may be still, if alive.

THE ROYAL GAME OF BRAG.—A cockney classic says that the King of Prussia, when he bragged at his coronation about the Divine Right, was evidently filled with the *divinus inflatus*.

VARIETY OF THE GENUS HOMO.—One of the cheap periodicals gravely informs its readers, that Toulouse is a large town, containing about sixty thousand inhabitants, *built entirely of brick*.

HORSES IN SPECTACLES.—High-stepping carriage horses, now scarce, are greatly prized in London, and the world wonders why they are not more to be met with. This is simply an affair of training. In the north of Germany, whence these horses are chiefly imported, you may frequently see the animals exercising on the high roads, caparisoned like the knight's charger of old, with heavy clothing, wearing no blinkers, but large spectacles. These spectacles are strong magnifiers, and each pebble, to the deluded quadruped, appears as a granite boulder; so in his youth and ignorance, he lifts up his legs high in the air, to avoid their contact, and thus contracts that habit of high stepping so much admired, and for which amateurs pay unheard-of prices.

A GAME AT POKER.—A worthy farmer, who thoroughly detested taxes and tax-gatherers, was once called on by a collector a second time for money for which he had mislaid the receipt; and as he told the story to a friend:

"Well," said the friend, "what did you do?"

"Do! why I remonstrated with him."

"And to what effect?"

"Well, I don't know to what effect, but the poker was bent."

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